LUMEN DE LUMINE:

OR

A new *Magicall Light* discovered, and Communicated to the *WORLD*

By *Eugenius Philalethes.*

GEN. 1.3.

And *God* said, *Let there be Light.*

JOHN 1. Chap: Ver. 5.

And the *Light* shineth in the *Darkneſſe.*

Pythag.

Ne loquaris Deo abſque Lumine.

LONDON,

Printed for H. BLUNDELL at the Caſtle in *Corne-Hil.* 1651.

To my Deare mother, *the most famous Universitie of* Oxford.

I HAVE observ'd (*most deare Mother*) and that in *most* of thy *Sons*, a *Complexion* of *Fame*, and *Ingratuitie*. *Learning* indeed they

have, but they *forget* the *Breſts* that *gave* it. Thy *Good works* meet not with one *Samaritan*, but *Many* haſt thou *cur'd* of the *Leproſie* of *Ignorance*. This is the *ſpot*, that *ſoyls* our *perfections*: we have all *drunk* of thy *Fountaine*, but we *ſacrifice* not the *Water* to the *Well*. For my *own part*, I can *preſent* thee with *nothing* that's *Voluminous*, but here is a *Muſtard-ſeed*,

ſeed, which may grow Mat. 13. 32.
to be the *Greateſt* amongſt
Herbs. The *Draught* it
ſelf hath nothing of *na-*
ture, but what is under
the *Veile*: I wiſh indeed
thou mayſt ſee her *fine*
Flammeo, but her *face*
like that of the *Annun-*
tiata expects the *Pencil*
of an *Angell*. I cannot ſay
this *Compoſure* deſerves
thy *Patronage*, but give
me leave to make it my
Opportunitie, that I may
returne

returne the *Acknowledge-ment*, where I *receiv'd* the *Benefit*. I intend not my *Addreſſe* for the *Banks* of *Iſis*; Thou haſt no *Portion* there, unleſſe thy *Stones* require my *Inſcription*. It is thy *Diſperſed Body* I have *knowne*, and *That* only I *remember*. Take it then whereſoever *Thou* art, in thy ſad *Removes* and *Viſitations*. It is neither *Sadducee* nor *Phariſee*, but

but the *Teſt* of an *Iſrae-*
lite, and

Thy Legitimat Child.

1650.

E. P.

To

In Summum Virum

Thomam Bodleium Equitem Auratum, *Bibliothecæ Oxonienſis* Structorem Magnificum.

SAncta Anima! & *tam* Sancta *ſimul ſalveto* Favilla!
Sitq́, ſemel Cineris *fas meminiſſe* tui!
Inſtructor *Cæli*, & *Stellarum* Plenior Ordo,
Qui Sporadas *per* Te, *non finis* Aſtra *fore*.
Quippe *Lares* Libris *vel* rite vagantibus *addis*,
Et Cælum, *quo ſint* Sydera fixa, *cluis*.
Nos Vitam *ut* Patres, *largimur* Fatibus: *at* Tu
Quo Vitam *hanc* poſſimus vivere, *Solus* habes.
Hoſpitium *aguoſcunt* Artes: *Hic* Quælibet *intrat*
Poſt Obſtetrices, *nec* Peregrina, *Manus*.
Scæna *Togæ*, *Doctiq́* capax Panegyris *Orbis*,
Et Mare, *vel Potius* Plenior Unda *Mari*.

Concurſus

Concurſus Geniorum, *& Meta Extrema* Lyæi,
Quò nullum *niſi ſit* Sanctius, *iret* Opus.
Syllabus Heroum, *Mentiſq;* Omniſcia Proles,
Eſt hæc & Senſu Theca animata ſuo.
Bodleii Laus ampla, *&* Fuſior Urna *Sepulti*,
Quâ Vitam *invenit* Mors ſua, *Morſq;* Necem.
Hinc *ſe fracta* Fugæ *dedit*, *abſumptiſq;* ſagittis
Implevit Vacuas ſola pharetra *Manus.*

Pax Tibi *Vox nulla eſt* : *Satagis dum condere* Muſam,
Eeciſti, *Quod* non noverit *Illa* loqui.

Pium eſt Agnoſcere, per
Quos profeciſti.

Lu-

To the Reader.

I Have had ſome *Conteſt* with my ſelf in the *Diſpoſall* of this *Piece*, the *Subject* being *croſſe* to the *Genius* of the *Times*, which is both *Corrupt*, and *Splenetic*. It was my *Deſire* to keep it *within Doores*, but the *Relation* it bears to my *former Diſcourſes* hath *forc'd* it to the *Preſſe*. It is the *laſt Glaſſe* of my *thoughts*, and their *firſt Reflex* being not *compleat*, I have added *this* to *perfect* their *Image*, and *Symmetrie*. I muſt confeſſe I have no *Reaſon* for it, but what

my *Adverſaries* ſupply me withall: I would *advance* the *Truth*, becauſe they would *ſuppreſſe* it. Indeed I have been *ſcurvily rewarded*, but the *ſucceſſe* of this *Art* grows from its *Oppoſition*, and this I believe, our late *Libellers* have *obſerved*, for they quit the *Science*, to quaſh the *Profeſſors*.

It is not enough to *abuſe* and *miſinterpret* our *writings*: with *ſtudied Calumnies* doe they diſparage our *perſons*, whom they *never ſaw*, and perhaps *never* will *ſee*. They *force* us to a *Bitterneſſe* beyond our own *Diſpoſitions*, and *provoke* men to *ſin*, as if they did *drive* the ſame *Deſign* with the *Devill*.

For my *own part*, I will no more hazard my *ſoule* by ſuch *uncivill Diſputes*, I know I muſt give an *Accompt for every idle word*. This *Theme* hath reduc'd my *paſſions* to a *Diet*, I have reſolv'd for the *future* to *ſuffer*: for this

Mat. 12. 36.

this I am *ſure* of, *God will condemn no man for his patience.*

The *World* indeed may *think* the *truth overthrown*, becauſe ſhee is *attended* with her *Peace*, for in the *judgement* of *moſt men*, where there is no *Noyſe*, there is no *Victorie*. This I ſhall look upon as no *Diſadvantage*. The *Eſtimat* of ſuch *Cenſors* will but *lighten* the *Scales*, and I dare ſuppoſe them very *weak Brains*, who conceive the Truth *ſinks*, becauſe it *outweighs* them.

As for *tempeſtuous Out-cries*, when they *want* their *Motives*, they diſcover an *irreligious ſpirit*, one that hath more of the *Hurry-cane*, than of *Chriſt Jeſus*. God was not in the *wind*, that rent the Rocks to pieces, nor in the *Earth-quake*, and *Fire* at *Horeb*; He was *in Aura tenui*, in the *ſtill*, *ſmall voice*. 1 Kings 19.

My *Adviſe* is, that no Man ſhould *reſent* the *common ſpleen*. Who writes the *Truth* of *God*, hath the ſame *Pa-*

tron with the *Truth* it ſelf, and when the *world* ſhall ſubmit to the *generall Tribunal*, he will find his *Advocate*, where they ſhall find their *Judge*. There is a *mutuall Teſtimonie* between *God* and his *Servants*, if the *Baptiſt* did beare witneſſe of *Chriſt*, *Chriſt* alſo did as much for the *Baptiſt*: *He was a burning, and a ſhining Light.*

John 5. 35.

This, *Reader*, I thought fit to *Preface*, that if any *Diſcourſe* of mine be *traduc'd* hereafter, thou maiſt not *expect* my *Vindication*. I have referr'd my *Quarrell* to the *God* of *Nature*, it is involv'd in the *Concernments* of his *Truth*. I am ſatisfi'd with the *Peace* and *Teſt* of a good *Conſcience*: I have written nothing but what God hath *verified* before my *Eyes* in *particular*, and is able to *juſtifie* before the *world* in *generall*. I have known his *ſecret Light*, his *Candle* is my *School-maſter*; I teſtifie *thoſe things*, which I have *ſeen* under his very *Beams*, in the bright

bright *Circumference* of his *Glory*.

When I did firſt put my *Thoughts* to *paper*, God can beare me witneſſe, it was not for any *private ends*. I was drawn, and forc'd to it by a *ſtrong Admiration* of the *Myſterie* and *Majeſtie* of *Nature*. It was my *Deſign* to *gloriſie* the *Truth*, and in ſome meaſure to *ſerve* the *Age*, had they been *capable* of it. But the *barbarous Inſults* I have met withall, and without any *Deſerts* of *mine*, have forc'd my *Charitie* to keep at *Home*. Truly, had not I been *robb'd* of my *Peace*, I had imparted *ſome things*, which I am confident this *Generation* will not receive from *another Pen*. But the *Times* in this *Reſpect* fall not even with *providence*, for the *Years* of *Diſcoverie* are not yet come. This *Truth*, like the *Dove* in the *Deluge*, muſt hover in winds and Tempeſts, overlooke the *Surges* and *Billows*, and find no *place* for the *Sole* of her *Foot*. But the

wiſe *God* provides for *her*: on all theſe *waves* and *Waters* ſhe hath a *little Ark* to *returne* to. Me thinks I ſee *her* in the *window* all *wet*, and *weather-beaten*. She hath been rejected *abroad*, and now I will take her Home. *Come in with thy Branch of Olive!*

To conclude, this *Diſcourſe* is my *laſt*, and the only *Clavis* to my *Firſt*. What I have written formerly, is like the Arabian's *Halitali*: it is *Domus ſignata*, a Houſe ſhut up, but here I give you the *Key* to the *Lock*. If you *enter*, ſeale up what you ſee in your *Hearts*: Truſt it not to the *Tongue*, for that's a *Flying Scroul*. Thus I deliver my *Light* to your *Hands*, but what *Returns* you will *give* me, I know not. If you are for *Peace*, Peace be with you: if for *war*, I have been for too, but *Let not him that girds on his Armour, boaſt like him, that puts it off*. Doe well, and Farewell.

1 *Kings* 20. 11.

1651. E. P.

LUMEN
DE
LUMINE.

NOw had the Night ſpent her black ſtage, and all
Her beauteous, twinckling flames grew ſick,
and pale.
Her Scene of ſhades, and ſilence ſtill; and Day
Drſt the young Eaſt in Roſes: where each Ray
Falling on Sables, made the Sun and Night
Kiſſe in a Checquer of mixt Clouds, and Light.

I Think it were more *plaine*, and to ſome *Capacities* more *pleaſing*, if I ſhould *expreſſe* my ſelfe in this popular, low *Dialect*. It was about the *Dawning* or *Day-breake*, when tyr'd with a tedious *ſolitude*, and thoſe *penſive Thoughts* which *attend it*, after much *Loſſe* and

and more *Labour*; I ſuddainly fell *a ſleep*. Here then the *Day* was no ſooner *borne*, but *ſtrangled*; I was reduc'd to a *night* of a more deep *tincture* than that which I had *formerly ſpent*. My *fanſie* placed me in a *Region* of inexpreſſible *Obſcuritie*, and as I thought more than *Naturall*; but without any *Terrors*. I was in a firm even *Temper*, and though without incouragements, not only *reſolute*, but *well-pleas'd*. I moved every way for *Diſcoveries*, but was ſtill intertained with *Darkneſſe* and *ſilence*, and I thought my ſelf tranſlated to the *Land* of *Deſolation*. Being thus troubled to no purpoſe, and wearied with long Indeavours, I reſolved to reſt my ſelf, and ſeeing I could find nothing, I expected if any thing could find me. I had not long continued in this humor, but I could heare the *whiſpers* of a *ſoft wind*, that *travail'd* towards me, and ſuddainly it was in the *Leaves* of the *Trees*, ſo that I concluded my ſelf to be in ſome *Wood*, or *Wilderneſſe*. With this gentle *Breath* came a moſt *heavenly*, *odorous Ayre*, much like that of *ſweet Briars*, but not ſo *rank* and *full*. This *perfume* being blown over, there ſucceeded a pleaſant *Humming* of *Bees* amongſt *Flowers*, and this did ſomewhat *diſcompoſe* me, for I judged it not *ſuitable* with the *Complexion* of the *place*, which was *darke*

and

and like *Mid-night*. Now was I somewhat troubl'd with these *unexpected Occurrences*, when a new *Appearance* diverted my *Apprehensions*. Not far off on my right hand, I could discover a white weake *Light*, not so *cleare* as that of a *Candle*, but *mystic*, and much resembling an *Atmosphear*. Towards the *Center* it was of a *purple colour* like the *Elysian Sun-shine*, but in the *Dilatation* of the *Circumference*, *Milkie*: and if we consider the joynt *Tincture* of the *parts*, it was a painted *Vesper*, a *Figure* of that *Splendor*, which the old *Romans* called (a) *Sol Mortuorum*. Whiles I was taken up with this strange *Scene*, there appeared in the middle *purple Colours*, a suddain *Commotion*, and out of their very *Center* did *sprout* a certaine flowrie *Light*, as it were the *flame* of a *Taper*. Very *bright* it was, *sparkling*, and *twinkling* like the *Day-star*. The *Beams* of this new *Planet* issuing forth in small *Skeins* and *Rivulets*, look'd like *Threds* of *Silver*, which being reflected againſt the *Trees*, discover'd a Curious, *green Umbrage*, and I found my self in a *Grove* of *Bays*. The *Texture* of the *Branches* was so even, the *Leaves* so *thick*, and in that conspiring *order*, it was not a *wood*, but a *Building*. I conceived it indeed to be the *Temple* of *Nature*, where she had joyn'd *Discipline*

(a) Boxhorn falsly interpret this Notion.

to

to her *Doctrine*. Under this *shade* and *skreen* did lodge a number of *Nightingals*, which I discovered by their *whitish Breasts*. These peeping thorough their *leavie Cabinets*, rejoyced at this strange *Light*, and having first *plum'd* themselves, flirt'd the still *Ayre* with their *Musick*. This I thought was very pretty, for the *silence* of the *Night*, suiting with the *solitude* of the *place*, made me judge it *heavenly*. The *Ground* both neer and far of, presented a *pleasing* kind of *Checquer*, for this new *star* meeting with some *drops* of *Dew*, made a *Multitude* of bright *Refractions*, as if the *Earth* had been *pavid* with *Diamonds*. These rare, and various *Accidents* kept my soul busied, but to interrupt my *Thoughts*, as if it had been *unlawfull* to *examine* what I had *seen*, another more admirable *Object* interpos'd. I could see between me and the *Light*, a most exquisit, divine *Beauty*. Her *frame* neither *long*, nor *short*, but a meane decent *Stature*. Attir'd she was in *thin loose silks*, but so *green*, that I never saw the *like*, for the *Colour* was not *Earthly*. In some places it was *fansied* with *white* and *Silver Ribbands*, which look'd like *Lilies* in a *field* of *Grasse*. Her *head* was *overcast* with a thin floating *Taffanie*, which she *held up* with *one* of her *hands*, and look'd as it were from *under*

it. Her *Eys* were *quick*, *freſh*, and *Celeſtiall*, but had ſomething of a *ſtart*, as if ſhe had been *puzzel'd* with a ſuddaine *Occurrence*. From her *black Veile* did her *Locks* breake out, like *Sun-beams* from a *Miſt*; they ran *diſhevell'd* to her *Breſts*, and then return'd to her *Cheeks* in *Curls* and *Rings* of *Gold*. Her *Haire* behind her was *rowl'd* to a curious *Globe*, with a ſmall ſhort *ſpire* flowr'd with *purple*, and *skie-colour'd Knots*. Her *Rings* were pure, intire *Emeralds*, for ſhe valued no *metall*, and her *Pendants* of burning *Carbuncles*. To be ſhort, her whole *Habit* was *youthfull* and *flowrie*, it *ſmelt* like the *Eaſt*, and was thorowly *ayr'd* with rich *Arabian Diapaſms*. This and no other, was her *appearance* at that *Time*: but whiles I admir'd her *perfections*, and prepar'd to make my *Addreſſes*, ſhee prevents me with a voluntarie *Approach*. Here indeed I expected ſome *Diſcourſe* from her, but ſhe looking very ſeriouſly and ſilently in my face, takes me by the hand, and ſoftly whiſpers, *I ſhould follow her*. This I confeſſe ſounded ſtrange, but I thought it not amiſſe to obey ſo *ſweet* a *Command*, and eſpecially one that *promiſed* very much, but was able in my Opinion to *performe* more. The *Light* which I had formerly *admir'd* proved now at laſt to be her *Attendant*, for

for it moved like an *Vsher* before her. This *Service* added much to her *Glorie*, and it was my only care to *obserue* her, who though she *wandr'd* not, yet verily she *followed* no *known path*. Her *walk* was *green*, being *furr'd* with a fine small *Grasse*, which felt like *plush*, for it was very *soft*; and purl'd all the way with *Daysies* and *Primrose*. When we came out of our *Arboret* and *Court* of *Bayes*, I could perceive a strange *Clearnesse* in the *Ayr*, not like that of *Day*, neither can I affirme it was *night*. The *stars* indeed *perched* over us, and stood *glimmering*, as it were on the *Tops* of high *Hills*, for we were in a most deep *Bottome*, and the *Earth* overlook'd us, so that I conceived we were *neer* the *Center*. We had not walk'd very far, when I discovered certaine thick, white *Clouds*, for such they seemed to me, which fill'd all that part of the *Valley*, that was before us. This indeed was an *Error* of mine, but it continued not long, for comming neerer, I found them to be firm solid *Rocks*, but *shining* and *sparkling* like *Diamonds*. This rare and goodly *sight* did not a little *incourage* me, and great desire I had to heare my *Mistris* speake (for so I judged her now) that if possible, I might receive some *Information*. How to bring this about, I did not well know, for she

ſhe ſeem'd *averſe* from *Diſcourſe*; but having reſolv'd with my ſelf to *diſturb* her, I aſk'd her if ſhe would favour me with her *Name*. To this ſhe replied very familiarly, as if ſhe had kown me long before. *Eugenius* (ſaid ſhe) *I have many Names, but my beſt and deareſt is* Thalia: *for I am alwaies* green, *and I ſhall never* wither. *Thou doeſt here behold the* mountains *of the* Moone, *and I will ſhew thee the* Originall *of* Nilus, *for ſhe ſprings from theſe Inviſible Rocks. Looke up and peruſe the very* Tops *of theſe* pillars *and* Clifts *of* Salt, *for they are the true, Philoſophicall*, Lunar Mountains. *Didſt thou ever ſee ſuch a Miraculous, incredible thing?* This ſpeech made me quickly look up to thoſe glittering *Turrets* of *Salt*, where I could ſee a ſtupendous *Cataract*, or *Waterfall*. The *ſtreame* was more *large* than any *River* in her full *Chanell*, but notwithſtanding the *Height*, and *Violence* of its *Fall*, it deſcended without any *Noyſe*. The *Waters* were *daſh'd*, and their *Current* diſtracted by thoſe *Saltiſh Rocks*, but for all this they came down with a dead *ſilence*, like the ſtill, ſoft *Ayr*. Some of this *Liquor* (for it ran by me) I took up, to ſee what ſtrange *woollen ſubſtance* it was, that did thus *ſteale* down like *Snow*. When I had it in my hands it was no *Common water*, but a

certaine

certaine kind of *Oile* of a *Waterie Complexion*. A *viſcous*, *fat*, *mineral nature* it was, *bright* like *Pearls*, and *tranſparent* like *Chryſtall*. When I had viewd and ſearch'd it well, it appear'd ſomewhat *ſpermatic*, and in very Truth it was *obſcene* to the *ſight*, but much more to the *Touch*. Hereupon *Thalia* told me, it was the *firſt Matter*, and the very Naturall, true *Sperm* of the *great World*. It is (ſaid ſhe) *inviſible*, and therefore *few* are *they* that *find* it; but many believe it is *not* to be *found*. They believe indeed that the *world* is a dead *Figure*, like a *Body* which hath been ſometimes *made*, and *faſhion'd* by that *ſpirit*, which *dwelt* in it, but *retaines* that very *ſhape* and *faſhion*, for ſome ſhort *time*, after that the *Spirit* hath *forſaken* it. They ſhould rather *conſider*, that every *Frame* when the *Soule* hath *left* it, doth *diſcompoſe*, and can no longer *retaine* its former *figure*, for the *Agent* that *held* and *kept* the parts *together* is *gone*. Moſt excellent then is that ſpeech, which I heard ſometimes from one of my own Pupils. *Mundus hic ex tam diverſis contrariiſque partibus in unam formam minimè convenieſſet, niſi unus eſſet, qui tam Diverſa conjungeret; Conjuncta vero Naturarum ipſa Diverſitas invicem diſcors, diſſociaret, atque divelleret, niſi unus eſſet, qui*

quod

quod nexuit, contineret. Non tam vero certus naturæ ordo procederet, nec tam disposito-motus Locis, temporibus, efficientiâ, Qualitatibus explicaret, nisi unus esset, qui has Mutationum varietates manens ipse disponeret. Hoc quicquid est, quo Condita manent, atque gubernantur, usitato cunctis Vocabulo Deum nomino. This world (saith he) of such *divers* and *contrarie parts* had never been made *one thing*, Had not there been *one*, who did *joyn together* such *contrary things*. But being *joyn'd together*, the very *Diversitie* of the *Natures joyned*, fighting one with another, had *Discompos'd* and *separated* them, unlesse there had been *one* to *hold* and *keep* those *parts* together, which he at *first* did *joyn*. Verily the *order* of *Nature* could not *proceed* with such *certaintie*, neither could she move so *regularly* in severall *places*, *times*, *effects* and *qualities*, unlesse there were *some one*, who *dispos'd*, and *order'd* these *Varieties* of *Motions*. This, whatsoever it is, by which the world is preserved and govern'd, I call by that usuall name, *God*. Thou must therefore *Eugenius* (said she) understand, that all *Compositions* are made by an *active*, *intelligent life*; for what was done in the *Composure* of the great world in *generall*, the same is perform'd in the *Generation* of every

creature, and its *ſperm* in *particular*. I ſuppoſe thou doeſt know, that *water* cannot be *contained* but in ſome *Veſſell*. The *naturall Veſſell* which God hath appointed for it, is *Earth*. In *Earth* water may be *thickned*, and brought to a *figure*, but of it *ſelf*, and *without Earth*, it hath an *indefinit flux*, and is ſubject to no *certaine figure* whatſoever. *Ayre* alſo is a *fleeting indeterminat ſubſtance*, but *water* is his *Veſſell*: for *water* being *figured* by means of *Earth*, the *Ayr* alſo is *thickned*, and *figur'd* in the *Water*. To aſcend higher, the *Ayr* coagulats the *liquid fire*, and *fire incorporated* involves and confines the thin *Light*. Theſe are the *Means* by which God *unites*, and *compounds* the *Elements* into a *Sperm*, for the *Earth* alters the *Complexion* of the *water*, and makes it *viſcous* and *ſlimie*. Such a *water* muſt they look, who would produce any *Magicall extraordinary Effects*; for this *Spermatic water* coagulats with the *leaſt heat*, ſo that *nature* concocts, and hardens it into *metals*. Thou ſeeſt the *whites* of *Egs* will *thicken* aſſoon as they *feel* the *fire*, for their *moyſture* is temper'd with a *pure ſubtill Earth*, and this ſubtill, animated *Earth*, is that which *binds* their *water*. Take *water* then my *Eugenius*, from the *Mountains* of the *Moon*, which is *water*,

and

and *no water*: Boyl it in the *fire* of *Nature*, to a two fold Earth, *white* and *red*, then feed thoſe *Earths* with *Aer* of *Fire*, and *Fire* of *Aer*, and thou haſt the two Magicall *Luminaries*. But becauſe thou haſt been a ſervant of mine for a long time and that thy patience hath manifeſted the Truth of thy Love, I will bring thee to my *Schoole*, and there will I ſhew thee what the world is not capable of. This was no ſooner ſpoken, but ſhe paſt by thoſe *Diamond like*, *rockie ſalts*, and brought me to a *Rock* of *Adamant* figur'd to a juſt, intire *Cube*: It was the *Baſis* to a *firie Pyramid*, a *Trigon* of pure *Pyrope*, whoſe *impriſon'd flames* did *ſtretch*, and *ſtrive* for *Heaven*. To the *Fore-ſquare* or *Frontlet* of this *Rock* was annex'd a little *portall*, and in that hung a *Tablet*. It was a painted *Hedge-Hog*, ſo rowl'd and wrapt up in his *Bag*, he could not eaſily be *diſcompas'd*. Over this ſtood a *Dog ſnarling*, and hard by him this Inſtruction.

Suaviter aut Pungit.

IN we went, and having entred the *Rock*, the *interior parts* were of a heavenly *Smaragdine Colour*. Somewhere they ſhin'd like *Leaves* of pure *Gold*, and then appear'd

a third inexpressible *purple tincture*. We had not gone very far, but we came to an Ancient Majestic *Altar*; *On* the *Offertorie*, or very *top* of it, was figur'd the *Trunck* of an old rotten *tree*, pluck'd up by the *Roots*. Out of this crept a *Snake*, of colour *white* and *Green*, Slow of *Motion* like a *Snayle*, and very *weake*, having but newly *felt* the *Sun*, that *overlook'd* her. Towards the *Foot*, or *Basis* of this *Altar* was an *Inscription* in old *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*, which *Thalia* expounded, and this is it.

Diis Beatis.

In Cælo Subterraneo.

N. L.

τ. α. ν. φ.

FRom this place we moved straight forward, till we came to a *Cave* of *Earth*. It was very *obscure*, and withall *dankish*, giving a *heavy odour* like that of *graves*. Here we stay'd not long, but passing this *Church-*

Church-yard, wee came at laſt to the *Sanctuarie*, where *Thalia* turning to mee, made this her ſhort, and laſt ſpeech.

Eugenius! *This is the place, which many have deſired to ſee, but ſaw it not. The Preparatives to their Admiſſion here, were wanting: They did not love Mee, but Mine. They coveted indeed the Riches of Nature, but Nature her ſelf they did both neglect, and corrupt. Som Advantages they had in point of Aſſault, had they but ſtudied their Opportunities. I was expoſ'd to their hands, but they knew mee not. I was ſubject in ſom meaſure to their Violence, but Hee that made mee, would not ſuffer mee to bee rifl'd. In a word, the Ruine of theſe men was built on their Diſpoſition. In their Addreſſes to mee, they reſembl'd thoſe pittifull things, which ſom call Courtiers. Theſe have their Antics and Raunts, as if they had been train'd amongſt Apes. They ſcrape (as one hath well expreſt it) proportions Mathematicall: make ſtrange Legs and faces, and in that phraſe of the ſame Poet;*

Varie their Mouths as 'twere by Magic ſpell,
To figures ovall, ſquare, and Triangle.

So theſe impudent Sophiſters aſſaulted mee with Vain-glorious Humors. When I look'd into

their hearts, there was no Room for mee; they were full of proud Thoughts, and dream'd of a certain Riotous Happines, which must bee maintain'd by my Expences, and Treasures. In the interim they did not consider that I was plain and simple, One that did not love Noise, but a privat, Sweet Content. I have Eugenius found thee much of my own Humor. I have withall found thy Expectations patient, thou canst easily believe, where thou hast Reason to thy Faith. Thou hast all this while served without Wages, now is the time com to reward Thee. My love, I freely give Thee, and with it these tokens, my Key, and Seale. The one opens, the other shutts, bee sure to use both with Discretion. As for the Mysteries of this my Schoole, thou hast the Libertie to peruse them all, there is not any thing here, but I will gladly reveale it to thee. I have one Precept I shall commend to thee, and this it is, You must bee Silent. You shall not in your writings exceed my Allowances: Remember that I am your Love, and you will not make mee a Prostitute. But because I wish you Serviceable to those of your own Disposition, I here give you an Emblematicall Type of my Sanctuarie, with a full Privilege to publish it. This is all, and now I am going to that Invisible Region, whither you go: Let not that

Iliad 8.

Proverb

Proverb take place with you, Out of Sight, out of Mind: *Remember mee, and bee Happy.*

Theſe were her *Inſtructions*, which were no ſooner delivered, but ſhee brought mee to a cleare, large *Light*, and here I ſaw thoſe Things, which I muſt not ſpeak of. Having thus diſcovered all the parts of that glorious *Labyrinth*, ſhee did lead me out again with her *Clew* of *Sun-beams*, her *Light* that went *Shining* before us. When wee were paſt the *Rocks* of *Nilus*, ſhee ſhewed mee a Secret *Staire-Caſe*, by which wee aſcended from that deep and flowrie *Vale*, to the *face* of this our *Common Earth*. Here *Thalia* ſtopt in a mute Ceremonie, for I was to bee left all alone. Shee look'd upon mee in ſilent ſmiles, mixt with a pretty kind of Sadneſs, for wee were unwilling to part. But her Houre of *tranſlation* was come, and taking (as I thought) our laſt leave, ſhee paſt before my Eyes, [illegible] into the *Æther* of *Nature*.

Now verily was I much troubled, and ſomewhat diſordered, but compoſing my ſelf as well as I could I came to a *Cop* of *Myrtles*, where reſting my ſelf on a *Flowrie Bank*, I began to conſider thoſe Things which I had ſeen. This Solitude, and Melancholie ſtudie continued not long, for it met with a very

gratefull Interruption. I could see *Thalia* as it were at the *end* of a *Landskip*, somwhat far off, as wee see *stars* newly *risen*: but in a moment shee was in the *Myrtles*, where seating her self hard by mee, I received from her this Discourse. *I would not* Eugenius, *have thee ignorant of the Vnitie, and Concentration of Sciences. In the past, and more Knowing years of the world, when Magic was better, and more generally understood, the Professors of this Art divided it into three parts, Elementall, Cœlestiall, and Spirituall.* The *Elementall part contained all the Secrets of Physic, the Cœlestiall those of Astrologie, and the Spirituall those of Divinitie. Every one of these by it self was but a Branch or Limb, but being united all Three, they were the Pandects of the Science. Now in these thy dayes there is no man can shew thee any reall Physic, or Astrologie, neither have they any more, than a Tong-and-Book Divinitie.* The *reason of it is this*; *In Process of time these three Sciences* (*which work no wonders without a mutuall essentiall Vnion*) *were by mis-interpretation dismembred, and set apart, so that every one of them was held to be a Facultie by it self. Now God had united these Three in one Naturall Subject, but man hee separated them, and placed them in no Subject, but in his own Brain, there they remained*

remained in words and fanſie, not in Subſtantiall Elements, and Veritie. In this ſtate the Sciences were dead and Ineffectuall: they yeelded nothing but Noyſe, for they were ſeparated; As if thou ſhould'ſt diſmember a Man, and then expect ſome one part of him ſhould performe thoſe Actions, which the whole did, when he was alive. Thou doeſt know by very naturall Experience, that out of one Specificall Root there grow ſeverall different Subſtances, as Leaves, Flowers, Fruit, and Seed; So out of one Univerſall Root, namely the Chaos, grow all Specificall Natures, and their Individualls. Now there is no true Science or Knowledge, but what is grounded upon Senſible, particular Subſtances, or upon that Senſible Univerſall Subſtance, out of which all Particulars are made. As for Univerſals in the Abſtract, there are no ſuch things, they are empty imaginarie Whymzies, for Abſtractions are but ſo many Phantaſtic Suppoſitions. Conſider now Eugenius, *that all Individuals, even Man himſelf, hath nothing in him Materially, but what he received from the materiall Univerſall Nature.* Conſider again, that the ſame Individuals *are Reducible to their firſt Phyſicall Univerſall Matter, and by Conſequence this Univerſall matter hath in it ſelf the Secrets and Myſteries of all Particulars;*

for

for whatſoever includes the Subject it ſelf, in-
cludes alſo the Science of that ſubject. To
conclude: In the firſt Matter, the Divine
Wiſdome is collected in a Generall Chaodical
Center, but in the particulars made of the firſt
Matter it is diſperſed, and ſpread out as it
were to a Circumference. It remains then
that the Chaos is the Center of all Sciences, to
which they may, and ought to be reduc'd, for
it is the ſenſible naturall Myſterium Magnum
and under God the Secondary Temple of
Wiſdome. Search therefore, and examine the
parts of this Chaos, by the Rules and Inſtruc-
tions received, when I was with thee in the
mineral Region. Dwell not altogether on the
practice, for that is not the way to improve
it: be ſure to adde reaſon to thy Experience
and to imploy thy mind aſwell as thy hands.
Labour to know all Cauſes and their Effects:
doe not only ſtudy the Receipt, like that bro-
ling frying Company, who call themſelves
Chimiſts, but are indeed no Philoſophers. This
is all which I thinke fit to adde to my former
Preſcriptions, but that which made me re-
turne, was ſomething elſe, and now thou ſhalt
receive it. Thou haſt heard ſometimes I ſup-
poſe of the Beryllifick part of Magick: have
a care to apprehend me, and I will ſhew thee
the Foundation. Thou muſt know the ſtar-

ca-

can impresse no new Influx in perfect compleat Bodies, they only dispose, and in some measure stir up that influence, which hath been formerly impressed. It is most certain Eugenius, that no Astrobolism takes place without some previous Corruption, and Alteration in the Patient, for Nature works not but in loose, moyst, discomposed Elements. This Distemper proceeds not from the stars, but from the Contrarietie of the Elements amongst themselves: whensoever they fall out, and work their own Dissolution, then the Celestiall Fire puts in to reconcile them againe, and generats some new Forme, seeing the old one could consist no longer. Observe then that the Genuine Time of Impressions is, when the Principles are Spermatic and callow, but being once coagulated to a perfect Body, the Time of Stellification is past. Now the Ancient Magi in their Books speake of strange Astrologicall Lamps, Images, Rings, and Plates, which being made at certaine Hours, would produce incredible, extraordinarie Effects. The common Astrologer, he takes a stone, or some peece of Metall, figures it with ridiculous Characters, and then exposeth it to the Planets, not in an Alkemusse, but as he dreams himself, he knows not how: When this is done, all is to no purpose, but though they faile in their practice, yet they

believe

believe they understand the Books of the Magi well enough. Now Eugenius *that thou mayst know what to doe, I will teach thee by Example. Take a ripe graine of Corne, that is hard, and drie, expose it to the Sun-beams in a Glasse, or any other vessell, and it will be a drie graine for ever. But if thou doest bury it in the Earth, that the nitrous Saltish moysture of that Element may dissolve it, then the Sun will worke upon it, and make it spring and sprout to a new Body. It is just thus with the common Astrologer, he exposeth to the Planets a perfect compacted Body, and by this means thinks to performe the Magician's Gamaea, and marry the Inferior and Superior Worlds. It must be a Body reduc'd into Sperm, that the Heavenly Feminine moysture, which receives and retains the Impresse of the Astrall Agent, may be at Liberty, and immediatly expos'd to the Masculine Fire of Nature. This is the ground of the Beryl, but you must remember that nothing can be stellified without the joynt Magnetism of three Heavens; what they are I have told you elsewhere, and I will not trouble you with Repetitions.* When she had thus said, she took out of her Bosome, two miraculous *Medals*, not *Metalline*, but such as I had never seen, neither did I conceive there was in Nature such

ich pure, and glorious Subſtances. In my udgement they were two *Magicall Aſtro-uſms*, but ſhe call'd them *Saphyrics* of the *un* and *Moone*. Theſe *Miracles* ſhe com-mended to my peruſall, excuſing her ſelf as eing ſleepie, otherwiſe ſhe had expounded hem for me. I look'd, admir'd, and wea-ied my ſelf in their Contemplation. Their *Complexion* was ſo *heavenly*, their *contri-ance* ſo *myſterious*, I did not well know, what to make of them. I turn'd aſide to ſee f ſhe was ſtill a ſleep, but ſhe was gone, and his did not a little trouble me. I expected er Returne, till the Day was quite ſpent, but he did not appeare. At laſt fixing my Eys on hat place, where ſhee ſometimes reſted. I iſcover'd certain *peeces* of *Gold*, which ſhe ad left behind her, and hard by a *paper* olded like a *Letter*. Theſe I took up, and ow the *Night* approaching, the *Evening-tar* tinn'd in the *Weſt*, when taking my laſt urvey of her *flowrie pillow*, I parted from it n this *Verſe*.

Pretty green Bank *farewell! and mayſt thou, we are*
Sun beams, *and* Roſe, *and* Lilies *all the ſhare!*
She ſlept *on* Thee: *but needed not to* ſhed
Gold, 'twas *pay enough to be her* Bed.
Thy Flow'rs *are* Favorits; *for thou* lov'd Day
They were my Rivals, *and with* Her *did* play.

They

They found their Heav'n *at hand, and in her* Eys
Injoy'd a Copie *of their* absent skies.
Their weaker paint *did with* true Glories trade,
And mingl'd *with her* Cheeks, *one* Rose *made.*
And did not her soft skin *confine their* pride,
And with a skreen *of* Silk *both* Flowrs *deride.*
They had suck'd life *from* thence, *and from her* Heat
Borrow'd a Soul *to make themselves* compleat.

O happy Pillow! *Though thou art layd* even
with Dust, *she made thee up almost a* Heaven.
Her Breath *rais'd* Spices, *and each* Amber ring
Of her bright locks *strew'd* Bracelets *o'r thy* spring.
That Earth's *not* poor, *did such a* Treasure *hold,*
But thrice inrich'd, *with* Amber, Spice, *and* Gold.

Schola

SCHOLÆ MAGICÆ TYPVS.

THis is that *Emblematicall Magicall Type*, which *Thalia* delivered to me in the invisible *Guiana*. The first and Superior part of it represents the *Mountains* of the *Moon*. The Philosophers commonly call them the *Mountains* of *India*, on whose *Tops* grows their secret and famous *Lunaria*. It is an *Herb* easie to be found, but that men are blind, for it *discovers* it *self*, and shines after *night* like *Pearle*. The *Earth* of these *Mountains* is very *red* and *fat* beyond all *Expression*. It is full of *Chrystalline Rocks*, which the Philosophers call their *Glass*, and their *Stone*: *Birds* and *Fish* (say they) bring it to *them*. Of these *Mountains* speaks *Hali* the *Arabian*, a most excellent judicious Author. *Vade fili ad Montes* Indiæ, *& ad Cavernas suas, & accipe ex eis lapides honoratos qui liquefiunt in Aquâ, quando commiscentur ei.* Goe my son to the *Mountains* of *India*, and to their *Quarries* or *Caverns* and take thence our *precious stones*, which dissolve or melt in *water*, when they are *mingl'd* therewith. Much indeed might be spoken concerning these *Mountains*, if it were lawfull to publish their *Mysteries*, but one thing I shall not forbeare to tell you. They are very dangerous places *after Night*, for they are haunted with *Fires*, and

and other ſtrange *Apparitions*, occaſion'd (as I am told by the *Magi*) by certaine *ſpirits*, which *dabble laſcivioufly* with the *ſperm* of the *world*, and imprint their *Imaginations* in it, producing many times fantaſtic, and monſtrous *Generations*. The Acceſſe and Pilgrimage to this place, with the Difficulties which attend them, are faithfully, and magiſterially deſcribed by the *Brothers* of *R. C.* Their *Language* indeed is very *ſimple*, and with moſt men perhaps *contemptible*: But to *ſpeake finely* was no *part* of their *Deſigne*, their *Learning* lyes not in the *Phraſe*, but in the *Senſe*, and that is it, which I propoſe to the *Conſideration* of the *Reader*.

A Letter *from the* Brothers *of* R. C.

Concerning the Inviſible, Magicall *MOUNTAINE*, And the *Treaſure* therein *Contained.*

„ UNuſquiſque naturâ deſyderat eſſe
„ Dux; habere Aureos & Argenteos
„ Theſauros & magnus videri coram
„ Mundo. Deus autem hæc omnia Creavit,
„ ut Homo iis utatur, Eorumque ſit Domi-
„ nus, & agnoſcat in illis ſingularem ejus Bo-
„ nitatem & Omnipotentiam, Ipſi gratias a-
„ gat, Eum honoret, & laudet. Nemo autem
„ vult hæc omnia niſi otioſis diebus, & nullo
„ labore, & periculo præeunte conquirere,
„ neque ex loco eo conſequi, in quo Deus il-
„ la poſuerit: etiamque vult ut quærantur,
„ & Quærentibus dabit. Nemo vero vult ſe-
„ dem ſibi in illo loco quærere, & propterea
„ etiam non inveniuntur. Siquidem à longo
„ tempore Via, & locûs ad Hæc incognitus
„ eſt, & maximæ parti abſconditus. Etiamſi
„ vero

„ vero Locum & Viam difficile & laborioſum
„ ſit invenire, locus tamen eſt inveſtigandus.
„ Cum vero Deus coram ſuis nihil abſcondi-
„ tum velit, ideo in hoc ultimo ſæculo ante-
„ quam Judicium extremum veniat, Dignis
„ hæc omnia ſunt revelanda: uti (obſcurè ta-
„ men ſatis, nè manifeſta fiant Indignis) in
„ quodam loco inquit; Nihil eſt Abſconditum,
„ quod non reveletur. Nos igitur à Spiritu *Mat. 10. 26.*
„ Dei acti, hanc Dei Voluntatem Mundo an-
„ nunciamus, uti etiam in Diverſis linguis à
„ Nobis factum, & publicatum eſt. Iſtam
„ verò publicationem aut major pars calum-
„ niatur, aut contemnit, aut ſine Deo pro-
„ miſſa ejus penes nos quærit, exiſtimans nos
„ illos ſtatim Docturos, quo modo Aurum
„ Chimicum ſit præparandum, aut illis afferre
„ magnos Theſauros, quibus poſſint coram
„ mundo pompoſè vivere, ſuperbire, Bella
„ gerere, Lucra exercere, helluari, potare, in-
„ continenter vivere, & in aliis peccatis vi-
„ tam commaculare, Quæ tamen omnia con-
„ traria ſunt voluntati ipſius Dei. Hi exempla
„ capere debebant à *decem virginibus* illis
„ (quarum *quinque Stolidæ* à prudentibus
„ *Oleum* petebant) eſſe multum aliam ratio-
„ nem, dum nimirum opus ſit, ut quilibet
„ *propria labore* & ſtudio in *Deo* id conſequa-
„ tur. Nos tamen illorum ſocietum Aſſimos

„ ex ſingulari Dei gratiâ & Revelatione, etiam „ ex ipſorum ſcriptis agnoſcimus, aures no„ ſtras obturamus, & quaſi nutibus nos obdu„ cimus, ne Ipſorum Boatus, & Ejulatus au„ diamus, qui in vanum *aurum* clamant. „ Atque hinc fit etiam quod multum *Calum„ niarum* & *Convitiorum* contra *nos* effun„ dunt, quæ non curamus, ſed *Deus* ſuo tem„ pore *judicabit*.

„ Poſtquam verò Nos *Veſtrum Duorum* „ Diligentiam. & ſedulitatem, quam in verâ „ *Cognitione Dei*, & *Lectione ſacrorum Bi„ bliorum* impenditis, jampridem (quamvis „ vobis inſcientibus) bene ſcivimus, etiam ex „ veſtro agnovimus ſcripto, Nos etiam vos „ præ multis aliis millibus reſponſo aliquo „ dignari voluimus, & vobis hoc ſignificare „ ex permiſſu Dei, & Spiritus Sancti Admo„ nitione.

„ Eſt *MONS* ſitus in medio *Terræ*, „ vel *Centro orbis*, qui eſt *parvus* & *magnus*; „ eſt *mollis*, etiam ſupra modum *durus* & „ *Saxoſus*; eſt unicuique *propinquus*, & *lon„ ginquus*, ſed ex Conſilio Dei *Inviſibilis*. In „ eo ſunt *maximi Theſauri abſconditi*, quos „ Mundus numerare non poteſt; Qui *mons* „ ex Invidiâ *Diaboli* (qui omni tempore *Dei* „ *Gloriam*, & *Felicitatem Hominis* impedit) „ multum *trucibus Animalibus*, & aliis *A-*

„ *vibus*

„ *vibus rapacibus* circumdatus eſt, quæ *viam*
„ Homini reddunt *difficilem*, & *periculoſam*,
„ & propterea huc uſque etiam (quia *Tem-*
„ *pus nondum eſt*) ea via nec dum ab Omni-
„ bus quæri potuit, aut inveniri. Nunc vero
„ à Dignis (interim proprio cujuſque labore)
„ Via invenienda eſt. Ad hunc Montem ite
„ Nocte quadam (cum ea ſit) longiſſimâ, &
„ obſcuriſſimâ, & præparate voſmetipſos per
„ fideles precationes. Inſiſtite in viam ubi
„ Mons ſit inveniendus, Quærite autem ex
„ Nemine ubi via ſit invenienda, ſed ſequimi-
„ ni fideliter veſtrum Ductorem, qui ſe vo-
„ bis ſiſtet, & in itinere vos offendet, vos verò
„ illum non agnoſcetis. Hic mediâ nocte,
„ cum omnia tranquilla & obſcura ſunt, vos
„ ad Montem adducet, ſed neceſſe eſt ut vos
„ præmuniatis animo magno & heroico, ne
„ reformidetis ea, quæ vobis occurrent & re-
„ cedatis. Nullo gladio Corporali indigetis,
„ nec aliis Armis, ſed Deum ſolummodo in-
„ vocate Syncerè, & ex Animo. Poſtquam vi-
„ diſtis Montem, primum Miraculum quod
„ procedet, hoc eſt. Vehementiſſimus &
„ maximus Ventus, qui Montem commove-
„ bit, & Rupes diſcutiet. Tunc vobis ſe of-
„ ferent Leones & Dracones, & alia Terri-
„ bilia Animalia, ſed nihil hæc reformidate;
„ Eſtote ſtabiles, & cavete ne recedatis, Nam

„ veſter Conductor qui vos conduxit, non per-
„ mittet ut aliquid Mali vobis fiat. Verum
„ Theſaurus nondum eſt detectus, ſed valde
„ propinquus. Hunc Ventum ſequitur Terræ-
„ motus, qui abſolvet ea, quæ Ventus reliquit,
„ & æquabit ea, Cavete tamen nè recedatis,
„ Poſt Terræmotum ſequetur Ignis maximus,
„ qui omnem Terreſtrem Materiam conſumet,
„ & Theſaurum deteget, vos vero eum videre
„ nequitis. Verum poſt hæc omnia, & fermè
„ circa Tempus Matutinum erit Tranquilli-
„ tas magna, & amica, & videbitis ſtellam
„ Matutinam aſcendere, & Auroram aſſur-
„ gere, & magnum Theſaurum animadver-
„ tetis: penes quem præcipuum & exactiſſi-
„ mum eſt ſumma quædam Tinctura, quâ
„ Mundus (ſi Deo placeret, & tantis donis dig-
„ nus eſſet) poſſet tingi, & in ſummum Au-
„ rum Converti.

„ Hac Tincturâ utentes uti vos docuerit
„ veſter Conductor, vos quamvis ſenes, red-
„ det Juvenes, & in nullo membro animad-
„ vertetis ullum morbum. Penes hanc Tin-
„ cturam invenietis, etiam Margaritas, quas
„ nè quidem licet excogitare. Vos vero nihil
„ capietis pro Autoritate veſtrâ, ſed ſitis con-
„ tenti cum eo quod vobis Conductor com-
„ municabit. Deo ſemper gratias agite pro
„ Hoc, & ſummam curam intendite, nè coram

mundo

„ mundo ſuperbiatis, ſed Dono hoc rectè uti-
„ mini, & in ea impendite, quæ Mundo ſunt
„ contraria, & ita poſſidete, quaſi non habe-
„ retis. Ducite vitam Temperatam, & ca-
„ vete ab omni genere peccati, alioqui hic ve-
„ ſter Conductor à vobis ſe divertet, & pri-
„ vabimini hac fælicitate. Scitote enim hoc
„ fideliter, Qui Tincturâ hac abutitur. & non
„ vivit exemplariter, purè, & Syncerè coram
„ Hominibus, Beneficium hoc amittet. & pa-
„ rùm ſpei reſtabit, quo iterum id Recipere
„ poſſit, &c.

Thus have they deſcribed unto us the *Mount* of *God*, the mythicall Philoſophicall *Horeb*: which is nothing elſe but the *higheſt* and *pureſt part* of the *Earth*. For the ſuperior ſecret *portion* of this *Element* is *Holy ground*, and *Ariſtotle* tels his *Peripatetics*, *Locus quo Excelſior, eo Divinior*. It is the *Seed-plot* of the *Eternall Nature*, the immediat *Veſſell*, and *Recipient* of *Heaven*, where all *Minerals* and *Vegetables* have their *Roots*, and by which the *Animal Monarchie* is *maintain'd*. This Philoſophicall, Black *Saturn* mortifies and *coagulats* the Invisible *Mercury* of the *ſtars*, and on the contrary the *Mercury* kils and *diſſolves* the *Saturn*, and out of the *Corruption* of *Both* the *Central*

tral and *Circumferentiall Suns* generat a *new Body*. Hence the Philosophers describing their *stone*, tell us it is *Lapis niger, vilis, & fœtens, & dicitur Origo Mundi, & oritur sicut Germinantia.* As for the *Epistle* of the *Fraternitie*, I shall for *satisfaction* of the *ordinary Reader*, put it into *English*. I know some *Doctors* will think it no *Advantage*, but then they *confesse* their *Ignorance*: I can assure them, The *Subject* is no where so *clearly discovered*, and for the first abstruse *preparation*, there is no *privat Author* hath *mention'd* it but here wee have it *intirely*, and withall most *faithfully described*. I confesse indeed their *Instruction* wears a *Mask*, it speaks in *Tropes*, but very *plaine* and *pervious*, and the *English* of it is *This*.

Every Man naturally desires a Superiority, to have Treasures of Gold and Silver, and to seeme Great in the Eys of the World. God indeed created all things for the use of Man, that he might rule over them, and acknowledge therein the singular Goodnesse, and Omnipotencie of God, give him Thanks for his Benefits, honour him and praise him. But there is no man looks after these Things, otherwise than by spending his dayes idely, they would

would injoy them without any previous labour, nd *Danger, neither doe they look them out f that* place, *where God hath treasur'd them p, who expects also that* man *should* seek *for hem* there, *and to those that* seek, *will he ive them. But there is not any that labours r a* possession *in that* place, *and therfore these iches are not found: For the* way *to this lace, and the* place *it self hath been unknown for long time, and it is hidden from the greatest art of the World. But notwithstanding it be fficult, and laborious to find out this* way *and ace, yet the* place *should be sought after. But it not the will of God to conceale any thing from ose that are his, and therefore in this last ge, before the Finall Judgement comes, all ese things shall be manifested to those that e worthy: As hee Himselfe (though scurely, lest it should be manifested to the worthy) hath spoken in a certaine place:* here is Nothing covered that shall not be vealed, and hidden that shall not be known. *e therefore being moved by the spirit of God, e declare the* will *of* God *to the World, which have also already performed,* (a) *and pub-* a Fama & *hed in severall Languages. But most men* Confessio *ther revile, or contemne that our* Manifesto, Fratrum *else waving the spirit of God, they expect* R. C.

the

the propoſals thereof from us, ſuppoſing we wil
ſtraightway teach them how to make Gold b
Art, or furniſh them with ample Treaſure
whereby they may live pompouſly in the fa
of the World, Swagger, and make Wars, tur
Vſurers, Gluttons, and Drunkards, live w
chaſtely, and defile their whole life with ſeve
rall other ſins, all which Things are contra
to the Bleſſed will of God. Theſe Men ſhou
have learnt from thoſe Ten Virgins (*where*
Five *that were* fooliſh *demanded* Oile *for the*
Lamps, *from thoſe* Five *that were* wiſe) *h*
that the Caſe is much otherwiſe. It is exp
dient, that every man ſhould labour for th
Treaſure by the Aſſiſtance of God, and h
own particular Search and Induſtry. But t
perverſe Intentions of theſe Fellows we u
derſtand out of their own writings, by t
ſingular Grace and Revelation of God; w
doe ſtop our Ears, and wrap our ſelves as
were in Clouds, to avoid the Bellowings a
Howlings of thoſe men, who in vaine crie
for Gold. And hence indeed it comes to pa
that they brand us with infinite Calumn
and Slanders, which notwithſtanding we
not reſent, but God in his good Time will ind
them for it. But after that we had well kno
(though unknown to you) and perceived
by your writing, how diligently you are to per

Holy Scripture, and ſeek the true know-
ledge of God; we have alſo above many Thou-
ſands, thought you worthy of ſome Anſwer,
and we ſignifie this much to you by the will of
God, and the Admonition of the Holy
Ghoſt.

There is a Mountain *ſituated in the* Midſt
of the Earth, *or* Center *of the* world, *which is*
both ſmall, *and* Great. *It is* ſoft, *alſo above*
meaſure Hard *and* Stonie. *It is* far off, *and*
neer at hand, but by the providence *of God,*
inviſible. In it are hidden moſt ample Trea-
ſures, which the world is not able to value. This
Mountain by Envie of the Devill, who alwaies
oppoſeth the Glory of God, and the Happineſſe
of Man, is compaſſed about with very cruell
Beaſts and other Ravenous Birds, which make
the way thither both difficult, and dangerous;
and therefore hitherto, becauſe the Time is
not yet come, the way thither could not be ſought
after, nor found out. But now at laſt the way
is to be found by thoſe that are worthy, but not-
withſtanding by every man's ſelf-labour, and
endeavours.

To this Mountaine you ſhall goe in a cer-
taine Night *(when it comes) moſt* long, *and*
moſt dark, *and ſee that you prepare your ſelves*
by prayer. *Inſiſt upon the way that leads to*
the Mountaine, *but aske not of any man where*
the

the way lyes: *only follow your* Guide, *who will offer himself to you, and will meet you in the way, but you shal not know him. This* Guide *will bring you to the* Mountain *at* Midnight, *when all things are* silent *and* Dark. *It is necessary that you arme your selves with a resolute heroic courage, least you feare those things that will happen, and so fall back. You need no Sword, nor any other Bodily weapons, only call upon God sincerely, and heartily. When you have discovered the* Mountaine, *the* first Miracle *that will appeare, is this. A most vehement, and very great* wind, *that will shake the* Mountaine, *and shatter the* Rocks *to pieces. You shall be incounter'd also by* Lions *and* Dragons, *and other* Terrible Beasts, *but fear not any of these things. Be resolute, and take heed that you returne not, for your* Guide *who brought you thither, will not suffer any* Evil *to befall you. As for the Treasure, it is not yet discovered, but it is very neer. After the* wind *will come an* Earthquake, *that will overthrow those things, which the* wind *hath left, and make all* Flat. *But be sure, that you fall not off. The* Earthquake *being past, there shall follow a* Fire, *that will consume the* Earthly Rubbish, *and discover the* Treasure, *but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things and neer the* Day-break, *there shall be a great*

Calm

Calm, *and you ſhall ſee the* Day-ſtar *ariſe, and the* Dawning *will appeare, and you ſhall perceive a great* Treaſure. *The Chiefeſt thing in it, and the moſt perfect, is a certain exalted* Tincture, *with which the world (if it ſerved God, and were worthy of ſuch Gifts) might be changed, and turn'd into moſt pure Gold.*

This Tincture *being uſed, as your* Guide *ſhall teach you, will make you young when you are old, and you ſhall perceive no Diſeaſe in any part of your Bodies. By means of this* Tincture *alſo, you ſhall find pearls of that Excellency, which cannot be imagined. But doe not you arrogat any thing to your ſelves becauſe of your preſent power, but be contented with that which your* Guide *ſhall communicat to you. Praiſe* God *perpetually for this his* Gift, *and have a ſpeciall care that you uſe it not for worldly pride, but imploy it in ſuch workes, which are contrary to the world. Uſe it right, and injoy it ſo, as if you had it not. Live a temperat life, and beware of all ſin, otherwiſe your* Guide *will forſake you, and you ſhall be deprived of this* Happineſſe. *For know this of a truth, whoſoever abuſeth this* Tincture, *and lives not exemplarly, purely, and devoutly before men, he ſhall loſe this* Benefit, *and ſcarce any hope will there be left, ever to recover it afterwards.*

This

This much we have from these *famous* and most *Christian Philosophers*: Men que ſtionleſſe, that have ſuffer'd much by their ow diſcreet *ſilence*, and *Solitude*. Every *Sophiſt* contemns them, becauſe they *appeare* not t the *World*, and concludes there is no ſuc *Societie*, becauſe hee is not a *member* of it There is ſcarce a *Reader* ſo juſt, as to conſide upon what *Grounds* they *conceale* themſelve and come not to the *Stage*, when every *Fo* cries, *Enter*. No man looks after them but fi *worldly Ends*, and truly if the *Art* it ſelf di not promiſe *Gold*, I am confident it would fin but *few followers*. How many are there in th world, that ſtudy Nature to *know God*? Ce tainly they ſtudy a *Receit* for their *purſes*, no for their *ſouls*, nor in any *good ſenſe* for the *Bodies*. It is fit then they ſhould be left t their *Ignorance*, as to their *Cure*: It may b the *Nullitie* of their *Expectations* will *reform* them, but as long as they *continue* in th *Humor*, neither *God* nor *Good men* will *aſſiſt* them.

The Inferior part of this *Type* preſents *Dark Circle*, charg'd with many ſtrange *Chimera's*, and *Ariſtotle's* [illegible], that *Metaphyſicall Beaſt* of the *Schoolemen*. It ſignifi the innumerous conceited *Whimzies*, and a rie roving *Imaginations* of *Men*. For, befo

wee attain to the *Truth*, we are *ſubject* to a Thouſand *Fanſies*, *Fictions*, and *Apprehenſi-ons*, which wee *falſly ſuppoſe*, and many Times *publickly propoſe* for the *Truth* it ſelf. This *Phantaſtic Region* is the true Originall *Semi-nurſe* of all *Sects* and their *Diſſentions*. Hence came the deſpayring *Sceptic*, the looſe *Epicure*, the Hypocriticall *Stoic*, and the Atheous *Peri-patetic*. Hence alſo their ſeverall *Digladiati-ons* about *Nature*: Whether the *firſt Matter* be *Fire*, *Aire*, *Earth*, or *Water*, or a *Frie* of imaginarie *Atoms*, all which are falſe and fabulous *Suppoſitions*. If wee look on *Religi-on*, and the *Diverſities* thereof; whence pro-ceeded the preſent *Hereſies* and *Schiſmes*, but from the Different, erroneous *Apprehenſions* of *Men*? Indeed whiles wee follow our own *Fanſies*, and build on bottomleſs unſetrl'd *Ima-ginations*, wee muſt needs *Wander*, and *grope* in the *Dark*, like thoſe that are *Blindfolded*. On the Contrarie, if wee lay the *Line* to our *Thoughts*, and *examine* them by *Experience*, wee are in the *way* to bee *Infallible*, for wee take hold of that *Rule*, which *God* hath *pro-vid'd* for our *Direction*. In *vain* hath he made *Nature*, if wee dwell on our *own Conceptions*, and make no *uſe* of her *Principles*. It were a happy *Neceſſity*, if our *thoughts* could not *va-rie* from her *wayes*: but Certainly for us to think

think, that we can find the *Truth* by meer *Contemplation* without *Experience*, is as great a *madneſs*, as if a *Man* ſhould *ſhutt* his *Eyes* from the *Sun*, and then believe hee can *travaile* directly from *London* to *Grand Cairo*, by *faſsying himſelf* in the *right way*, without the *Aſſiſtance* of the *Light*. It is true, that no man enters the *Magicall Schoole*, but hee *wanders firſt* in this *Region* of *Chimæra's*: for the *Inquiries* which we make before wee attain to *Experimentall Truths*, are *moſt* of them *Erroneous*. Howſoever wee ſhould bee *rationall*, and *patient* in our *Diſquiſitions*, as not *imperiouſly* to *obtrude* and *force* them upon the *world*, before wee are *able* to *Verifie* them.

I ever approved that regular and ſolid ſpeech of *Baſil Valentine*: *Diſce igitur Diſputatorem, & inquire primum Fundamentum ipſis oculis & manu, quod Natura ſecum fert abſconditum: Sic demum prudenter, & cum judicio de Rebus diſſerere, & ſupra inexpugnabilem Petram ædificare poteris. Sine hoc autem vanus & phantaſticus Nugator manebis, cujus Sermones abſq; ullâ Experientiâ ſupra Arenam ſolum fundati ſunt. Qui autem ſermocinationibus ſuis & Nugis me aliquid docere vult, is me verbis tantum nudis non paſcat, ſed Experientiæ faſtum Documentum*

ſimul ſit præſto oportet, ſine quo non teneor Verbis locum dare, fidemque iis adhibere. And in another place, *Nugatorem haud moror* (ſaith he) *qui non per Experientiam propriam loquitur: Nam ejus Sermones perinde fundati ſunt, ac Cæci Judicium de Coloribus.* Queſtionleſſe all this was the *Breath* of a *true Philoſopher*, one that ſtudied not the *Names*, but the *Natures* of *Things*. I oppoſe it as *Batterie* to the *Schoolemen*. if they will needs *muſter* their *Syllogiſms*, I *expect* alſo they ſhould *confirme* their *Noyſe* by their *Experience*.

Within this *Phantaſtic Circle* ſtands a *Lamp*, and it *typifies* the *Light* of *Nature*. This is the *ſecret Candle* of *God*, which hee hath *tinn'd* in the *Elements*, it *burns* and is *not ſeen*, for it *ſhines* in a *dark place*. Every naturall *Body* is a kind of *Black Lanthorne*, it carries this *Candle* within it, but the *Light* appears not, it is *Eclips'd* with the *Groſſneſſe* of the *matter*. The *Effects* of this *Light* are *apparent* in *all things*, but the *Light* it ſelf is *denyed, or elſe not followed*. The *great world* hath the *Sun* for his *Life* and *Candle*: according to the *Abſence* and *preſence* of this *Fire*, all things in the world *flouriſh* or *wither*. We know by *Experience*, and this in our *own Bodies*, that as *long* as *life laſts*, there is a continuall *Co-*

ction, a certain *seething* or *Boyling* within us. This makes us *sweat*, and *expire* in perpetuall *Defluxions* at the *pores*, and if we lay our *hands* to our *skin*, we can *feel* our own *Heat*, which must needs *proceed* from an inclosed *Fire*, or *Light*. All *Vegetables* grow, and *augment* themselves, they put forth their *fruits* and *Flowers*, which could not *be*, if some *Heat* did not *stir up* and *alter* the *Matter*; we see moreover that in *Vegetables*, this *Light* is sometimes *discovered* to the *Eye*, as it appears in *rotten wood*, where the *star-fire* *shines* after *Night*. As for *Minerals*, their *first matter* is *coagulated* by this *fixe spirit*, and altered from one *Complexion* to *Another*. To which may be added this *Truth* for *Manifestation*: if the *Minerall Principles* be artificially *dissolved*, that their *fire* and *spirit* may be at *Liberty*, even *Metalls* themselves may be made *Vegetable*. This *Fire* or *Light* is no where to be found in such *abundance* and *puritie*, as in that *subject*, which the *Arabians* call *Halicali*, from *Hali summum*, and *Calop Bonum*: but the *Latine Authors* corruptly write it *Sal Alkali*. This *substance* is the *Catholick Receptacle* of *spirits*, it is *blessed* and *impregnated* with *Light* from *above*, and was therefore *styl'd* by the *Magicians*, *Domus signata, plena Luminis & Divinitatis*.

But

But to procced in the *Expolition* of our *Type*; not far from this *Lamp* you may obſerve the *Angel* or *Genius* of the *place*. In *one hand* he bears a *ſword*, to keep off the *Contentious* and *unworthy*: in the *other* a *Clew* of *Thread* to *lead* in the *Humble*, and *Harmleſſe*. Under the *Altar* lyes the *Green Dragon*, or the *Magician's Mercury*, involving in it ſelf a *Treaſure* of *Gold* and *Pearl*. This is neither *Dreame* nor *Fanſie*, but a *known*, *Demonſtrable*, *practicall Truth*. The *Treaſure* is there to be *found*, infinitely *Rich* and *Reall*: Indeed we muſt confeſſe it is *inchanted*, and that by the very *Art* and *Magic* of the *Almightie God*. It can neither be *ſeen* nor *felt*, but the *Cabinet* that *holds* it, is every Day under our *Feet*. On this *Treaſure* ſits a *little Child*, with this Inſcription, *Non niſi Parvulis*. It tels us, how they ſhould bee *qualified* who deſire to be *admitted* to this *place*. They muſt be *Innocent*, and very *Humble*: not impudent proud *Raunters*, nor Covetous uncharitable *Miſers*. They muſt be *Tractable*, not *Contentious*: They muſt *love* the *Truth*, and (to ſpeak in a *homely Phraſe*) they muſt alſo like *Children* and *Fools tell the truth*. In a word, they muſt be as our *Saviour* himſelf hath ſaid, *Like one of theſe little*

This is the *Summe* of that *Magicall Emblem* which *Thalia* communicated to me in the *Minerall Region*. More I cannot ſay of it, for I was not truſted with more in Relation to a publick and popular uſe. I will now proceed to a *Diſcovery* of ſome other *Myſteries*, which I received from her, and thoſe *ſuch*, as are not commonly *ſought after*. The *Baſis* of them all, is the viſible, tangible *Quinteſſence*, or the firſt created *unity*, out of which the *Phyſicall Tetractys* did ſpring. I ſhall ſpeak of them not in a caſt artificiall *Diſcourſe* and *Method*, but in their own Naturall Harmonicall *Order*, and Firſt of all of the *Firſt Matter*.

The Firſt Matter.

WHen I ſeriouſly conſider the *Syſtem* or *Fabric* of this *world*, I find it to be a certaine *Series*, a *Link* or *Chaine*, which is extended *à non Gradu ad non Gradum*, From that which is *beneath* all *Apprehenſion*, to that which is *above* all *Apprehenſion*. That which is *Beneath* all *Degrees* of *Senſe*, is a certaine Horrible Inexpreſſible *Darkneſſe*. The *Magicians* call it *Tenebræ Active*. and the *Effect* of it in *Nature* is *Cold*, &c. For *Darkneſſe* is *vultus Frigoris*, the *Complexion*, *Body*, and *Matrix* of *Cold*, a

as *Light* is the *Face*, *Principle*, and *Fountaine* of *Heat*. That which is *above* all *Degree* of *Intelligence*, is a certaine *Infinite Inaccessible Fire* or *Light*. *Dionysius* cals it *Caligo Divina*, becaule it is *Invisible*, and *Incomprehensible*. The *Jew* styles it אין *Ein*, that is *Nihil* or *Nothing*: but in a *Relative* sense, or as the *Schoolmen* expresse it, *Quo ad nos*. In plaine tearms it is *Deitas nuda sine Indumento*. The *middle Substances*, or *Chaine* between these *Two*, is That which we Commonly call *Nature*. This is the *Scala* of the great *Chaldee*, which doth reach *à Tartaro ad primum Ignem*, from the *Subternaturall* Darkneſſe to the *Supernaturall Fire*. These *Middle Natures* came out of a certaine *water*, which was the *Sperm*, or *First Matter* of the *Great world*, and now we will begin to describe it: *Capiat, qui Capere poteſt*.

It is in plaine Tearms, χάος ὑγρὸν ἀόρατον: Or rather it is ὕλη, that is γῆ χυματώδης, ἢ πηλὸς ἢ χάος; an exceedingly *ſoft*, *moyſt*, *fuſible*, *flowing Earth*: An *Earth* of *wax*, that is *capable* of all *Formes* and *Impreſſions*. It is γῆ μίκτη ὑγρότητι, *Terra Filius Aquâ mixtus*, and to ſpeake as the *Nature* of the *Thing* requires, χυμὸς, ἢ χὺλὸς ὑγρός. The learned *Archimiſt* defines it, ὕλην ἀργύλου ζωτικὴν, ἄπορον τῆς ὑγρότητος τὸ πάχος. It is a *Divine animated Maſſe*,

of *Complexion* somewhat like *Silver*, the *Union* of *Maſculine* and *Feminine ſpirits*, The *Quinteſſence* of *Four*, the *Ternarie* of *Two*, and the *Tetrakt* of *One*. Theſe are his *Generations Phyſicall*, and *Metaphyſicall*. The *Thing* it ſelf is a *world* without *Forme*, neither *mixt power*, nor *perfect Action*: but a weak *virgin Subſtance*, a certain ſoft prolific *Venus*, the very *Love* and *Seed*, the *Mixture* and *Moyſture* of *Heaven* and *Earth*. This *Moyſture* is the *Mother* of all *things* in the *world*, and the Maſculine Sulphureous *Fire* of the *Earth* is their *Father*. Now the *Jews*, who without Controverſie were the *wiſeſt* of *Nations*, when they diſcourſe of the *Generation* of *Metals*, tell us it is *performed* in this manner The *Mercurie*, or *Mineral liquor* (ſay they) is altogether *cold* and *paſſive*, and it lyes in certain earthy Subterraneous *Caverns*: But when the *Sun* aſcends in the *Eaſt*, his *Beams* and *Heat* falling on this *Hemiſphere*, *ſtir* up and *fortifie* the *inward Heat* of the *Earth*. Thus we ſee in *winter weather* that the *outward Heat* of the *Sun* excites the *inward naturall Warmth* of our *Bodies*, and *cheeriſheth* the *Blood* when it is almoſt *cold* and *frozen*. Now then the *Central heat* of the *Earth* being *ſtirr'd* and *ſeconded* by the *Circumferentiall Heat* of the *Sun*, works upon the *Mercury*,

cury, and *ſublimes* it in a *thin vapour* to the *Top* of it's *Cell* or *Cavern*. But towards *Night* when the *Sun* ſets in the *Weſt*, the *Heat* of the *Earth* becauſe of the *Abſence* of that *great Luminarie*, grows *weak*, and the *Cold* *prevailes*, ſo that the *vapours* of the *Mercury* which were formerly *ſublim'd*, are now *condens'd*, and *diſtill* in *Drops* to the *Bottome* of their *Cavern*. But the *Night* being *ſpent*, the *Sun* againe comes about to the *Eaſt*, and *Sublimes* the *Moyſture* as *formerly*: This *Sublimation* and *Condenſation* continue ſo long till the *Mercury* takes up the *Subtill* *Sulphureous parts* of the *Earth*, and is *incorporated* therewith, ſo that this *ſulphur* *coagulats* the *Mercury*, and *fixeth* him at *laſt* that he will not *ſublime*, but lyes ſtill in a *ponderous Lump*, and is *concocted* to a *perfect* *Metall*. Take notice then that *our Mercury* cannot be *coagulated* without our *Sulphur*, for *'Draco non moritur ſine ſuo Compare*: it is *water* that *diſſolves* and *putrifies Earth*, and *Earth* that *thickens* and *putrifies Water*. You muſt therefore take *two principles* to produce a *third Agent*, according to that dark *Receit* of *Hali* the *Arabian*. *Accipe Canem Maſculum Coraſcenum, & Catellam Armenam, Canjungе, & pariet tibi Catulum colloris Cœli.* Take (ſaith he) the *Coriaſcen Dog*, and

the *Biteh* of *Armenia*, put them *both together*, and they will bring thee a *skie colour'd Whelp*. This *skie colour'd whelp* is that Soveraign, admir'd, and famous *Mercury*, known by the Name of the *Philoſophers Mercury*. Now for my part I adviſe thee to take *two living Mercuries*, plant them in a *purified Mineral Saturn*, waſh them and feed them with *water* of *Salt Vegetable*, and thou ſhalt ſee that *ſpeech* of the *Adeptus* verified: *Pariet Mater Florem germinalem, quem ubere ſuo viſcoſo nutriet, & ſe totam ei in Cibum vertet, fovente Patre*. But the *Proceſſe* or *Receit* is no *part* of my *Deſign*, wherefore I will return to the *firſt Matter*, and I ſay it is *no kind* of *water* whatſoever. *Reader* if it be thy *Deſire* to *attaine* to the *Truth*, rely upon *my words*, for I ſpeak the *truth*, and I am no *Deceiver*. The *Mother* or *firſt Matter* of *Metals* is a certaine *watery Subſtance*, neither *very water*, nor *very Earth*, but a *Third thing* compounded of *Both*, and *retaining* the *Complexion* of *neither*. To this agrees the learned *Valentine* in his appoſit and genuine Deſcription of our Sperm. *Materia Prima* (ſaith he) *eſt Aquoſa Subſtantia, Sicca reperta, & nulli Materia comparabilis*. The firſt Matter is a *wateriſh Subſtance* found *Drie*, or of ſuch a *Complexion* that *wets not*

the

the Hand, and nothing *like* to any *other Matter whatſoever*. Another excellent, and well experienc'd Philoſopher defines it thus. *Eſt Terrena Aqua, & Aquoſa Terra in Terra ventre* Terra *commixta, cum Quâ ſe commiſcet Spiritus, & Cæleſtis Influxus.* It is (ſaith he) an *Earthy water*, and a *watery Earth*, mingl'd with *Earth* in the *Belly* of the *Earth*, and the *ſpirit* and *Influences* of *Heaven* commix *themſelves* therewith. Indeed it cannot bee denied but *ſome Authors* have nam'd this *Subſtance* by the *names* of all *ordinary waters*, not to *deceive* the *ſimple*, but to *hide* it from the *Ranting, ill-diſpoſed Crew*. On the contrary ſome have expreſly and faithfully Informed us it is *no Common water*, and eſpecially the reverend Turba. *Ignari* (ſaith Agadmon) *cum audiunt nomen Aquæ, putant Aquam Nubis eſſe, quod ſi libros noſtros intelligerent, ſcirent eſſe Aquam permanentem, quæ abſque ſuo Compari cum quo facta eſt unum, permanens eſſe non poſſit.* The ignorant (ſaith he) when they heare us name water, think it is water of the Clouds, but if they underſtood our Books, they ſhould know it to be a *permanent or fix'd water*, which without its *Sulphur* to which it hath been *united*, cannot be *permanent*. The noble and knowing *Sendivogius* tels us the very ſame

Thing:

Thing: *Aqua noſtra eſt Aqua Cœleſtis non madefaciens manus, non vulgi, ſed fere pluvialis.* Our water is a *heavenly water*, which *wets not* the *hand*, not that of the *common Man*, but almoſt *or as it were Pluvial.* We muſt therefore conſider the ſeverall *Analogies* and *ſimilitudes* of *Things*, or we ſhall never be able to *underſtand* the *Philoſophers.* This *Water* then *wets* not the *Hand*, which is *notion* enough to perſwade us it can be *no common water.* It is a *Metalline bitter, Saltiſh liquor.* It hath a true *mineral Complexion*: *Habet* (ſaith *Raymund Lullie*) *ſpeciem ſolis & Lunæ, & in tali Aquâ nobis apparuit, non in Aquâ Fontis, aut pluviæ.* But in an other place he deſcribes it more fully, *Eſt Aqua ſicca* (ſaith he) *non aqua Nubis, aut phlegmatica, ſed aqua Cholerica, igne Calidior.* It is a *drie water*, not *water* of the *Clouds*, or *phlegmatic water*, but a *Choleric water*, more *hot* than *Fire.* It is moreover *Greeniſh* to the *ſight*, and the ſame *Lullie* tels you ſo: *habet colorem lacertæ Viridis*, it *looks* ſaith he, like a *green lizard.* But the moſt *prevalent Colour* in it, is a certain inexpreſſible *Azure*, like the *Body* of *Heaven* in a *clear Day.* It looks in Truth like the *Belly* of a *Snake*, eſpecially neer the *Neck*, where the *Scales* have a *deep Blew Tincture*, and this is the *reaſon*,

why

why the *Philoſophers* call'd it their *ſerpent*, and their *Dragon*. The *predominant Element* in it, is a certaine *Fierie ſubtill Earth*, and from this *prevalent part* the *Beſt Philoſophers* have *denominated* the whole *Compound*. *Paracelſus* names it openly but in *one place*, and he cals it *Viſcum Terræ*, The *Slime*, or *Viſcous part* of the *Earth*. *Raymund Lullie* deſcribeth the *Criſis*, or *Conſtitution* of it in theſe words. *Subſtantia lapidis noſtri eſt tota pinguis, & Igne impregnata*. The *Subſtance* of our *ſtone* (ſaith he) is *altogether fat*, or *viſcous*, and *impregnated* with *fire*; In which reſpect he cals it elſewhere not *water*, but *Earth*. *Capias Terram noſtram* (ſaith he) *impregnatam à Sole, quia lapis eſt honoratus, repertus in Hoſpitiis deſertis, & eſt intus incluſum velut magnum Secretum, & Theſaurus incantatus*. Take our *Earth*, which is *impregnated*, or with *Child* by the *Sun*, for it is our *precious ſtone*, which is found in *deſolat Houſes*, and there is *ſhut* up in it a *great ſecret*, and a *Treaſure inchanted*. And againe in a certaine place he delivers himſelf thus: *Prima materia Fuli, eſt Terra ſubtilis ſulphurea, & hæc nobilis Terra dicitur eſt Subjectum Mercuriale*. My ſon (ſaith he) the *firſt Matter* is a ſubtil, Sulphureous *Earth*, and this *noble Earth* is call'd the *Mercurial ſubject*.

Know

Know then for certaine that this Slimie moyſt *Sperm*, or *Earth*, muſt be *diſſolved* into *water*, and this is the *Water* of the *Philoſophers*, not any *common water* whaſoever. This is the *grand ſecret* of the *Art*, and *Lullie* diſcovers it, with a great deale of *Honeſty*, and *Charitie*. *Argentum vivum noſtrum* (ſaith he) *non eſt Argentum vivum Vulgare: Imo Argentum vivum noſtrum eſt Aqua alterius Naturæ, quæ reperiri non poteſt ſupra Terram: cum in actionem venire non poſſit per Naturam, abſque adjutorio Ingenii, & Humanarum manuum operationibus.* Our *Mercury* is not *common Mercury*, or *Quick-ſilver*: but our *Mercury* is a *water*, which cannot be *found* upon *Earth*, for it is *not made*, or *manifeſted* by the *ordinary courſe* of *Nature*, but by the Art, and *manual Operations* of *Man*. Seek not then for that in *nature*, which is an *Effect* beyond her *ordinary proceſſe*: you muſt *help her*, that ſhe may *exceed* her *common courſe*, or all is to no purpoſe. In a word, you muſt make this *water*, before you *can find it*. In the interim you muſt permit the *Philoſophers* to call their *ſubject*, or *Chaos*, a *Water*, for there is no *proper name* for it, unleſſe we call it a *Sperm*, which is a *watery Subſtance*, but certainly *no Water*. Let it *ſuffice*, that you are *not cheated*, for they tell you *what it is*, and

what

what *it is not*, which is all that *Man* can doe. If I aske you, by what *name* you call the *Sperm* of a *Chick*, you will tell me it is the *white* of an *Egge*, and truly so is the *shell* as well as the *Sperm* that is *within* it: But if you call it *Earth* or *water*, you know well enough it is *neither*, and yet you cannot find a *third name*. Judge then as you would be judged, for this is the very *case* of the *Philosophers*: Certainly you must be very *unreasonable*, if you expect that *language* from *Men*, which *God* hath not *given* them. Now that we may confirme this our *Theorie* and *Discourse* of the *Sperm* not only by *Experience* but by *Reason*, it is necessary that we consider the *Qualities* and *Temperament* of the *Sperm*. It is then a slimie, slippery, Diffusive *Moysture*. But if we consider any *perfect products* they are *firme*, *compacted*, *figurated Bodies*, and hence it follows they must be *made* of something that is *not firme*, *not compacted*, not *figurated*, but a *weak*, *quivering*, *altering substance*. Questionlesse thus it must be, unlesse we make the *Sperm* to be of the *same Complexion* with the *Body*, and then it must *follow* that *Generation* is *no Alteration*. Againe: it is evident to all the world, that nothing is so *passive* as *Moysture*. The *least heat* turnes *Water* to a *Vapour*, and the *least cold* turns

that

that *Vapour* to *Water*. Now let us consider what *Degree* of *Heat* it is, that *acts* in all *Generations*, for by the *Agent* we may *gueſſe* at the *Nature* of the *patient*. We know the *Sun* is ſo *remote* from us, that the *Heat* of it (as daily Experience tels us) is very *faint*, and *remiſſe*. I deſire then to know, what *Subject* is there in *all Nature*, that can be *altered* with ſuch a *weake Heat*, but *Moyſture*? Certainly *none* at all: for all *hard Bodies*, as *Salts*, *Stones*, and *Metals*, preſerve, and retaine their *Complexions* in the moſt violent, exceſſive *Fires*. How then can we expect they ſhould be *altered* by a *gentle*, and almoſt *inſenſible Warmth*? It is plaine then, and that by *infallible inference* from the *proportion* and *power* of the *Agent*, that *Moyſture* muſt needs be the *patient*: For that *Degree* of *Heat*, which *Nature* makes *uſe* of in her *Generations*, is ſo *remiſſe* and *weak*, it is *impoſſible* for it to *alter* any *thing* but what is *moyſt*, and *watery*ſh. This *truth* appears in the *Animal Familie*, where we know well enough the *Sperms* are *moyſt*: indeed in *Vegetables* the *Seeds* are *Drie*, but then *Nature* generats nothing out of them, till they are *firſt macerated*, or *moyſtned* with *Water*. And here my *Peripatetic*, thou art quite gone, and with thee thy *pura potentia*, that *fanatic Chaos* of the

the *Son* of *Nichomachus*. But I muſt adviſe my *Chimiſts* to beware of any *Common Moyſture*, for that will never be *altered* otherwiſe then to a *Vapour*. See therefore that thy *moyſture* be well *tempered* with *Earth*, otherwiſe thou haſt *nothing* to *diſſolve*, and *nothing* to *Coagulat*. Remember the *practice*, and *Magic* of the *Almighty God* in his *Creation*, as it is *manifeſted* to thee by *Moſes*. *In principio* (ſaith he) *creavit Deus Cœlum & Terram*: But the *Originall* if it be truly, and rationally *rendered*, ſpeaks thus, *In principio Deus miſcuit Rarum, & Denſum*; In the Beginning God *mingl'd* or *temper'd together* the *Thin* and the *Thick*: for *Heaven and Earth* in this *Text* (as we have told you in our *Anima Magica*) ſignifie the *Virgin Mercury*, and the *Virgin Sulphur*. This I will prove out of the *text* it ſelf, and that by the vulgar received *Tranſlation*, which runs thus: *In the Beginning God created the Heaven, and the Earth: And the Earth was without forme and void, and there was darkneſſe upon the face of the abyſſe, and the ſpirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters. In the firſt part* of this *text Moſes* mentions *two* created *principles*, not a *perfect world* as we ſhall prove hereafter, and this he doth in theſe Generall termes, *Heaven* and *Earth*. In the

latter

latter part of it he deſcribes *each* of *theſe principles* by it *ſelf* in more *particular termes*, and he *begins* with the *Earth*. And the *Earth* (ſaith he) *was without forme, and void*. Hence I *infer* that the *Earth* he *ſpeaks* of was a meer *Rudiment* or *principle* of this *Earth* which I now *ſee*, for this *preſent Earth* is neither *void*, nor without *forme*. I conclude then that the *Moſaycall earth* was the *Virgin Sulphur*, which is an *earth* without *forme*, for it hath no *determinated Figure*. It is a *Laxative inſtable incompoſed ſubſtance*, of a *porous empty Craſis* like *Sponge*, or *Soote*. In a word I have *ſeen* it, but it is *impoſſible* to *deſcribe* it. After this he proceeds to the *Deſcription* of his *Heaven*, or *ſecond principle*, in theſe ſubſequent words: *And their was Darkneſſe upon the face of the abyſſe, and the ſpirit of God moved upon the face of the waters*. Here he cals that an *abyſſe* and *Waters*, which he *formerly* called *Heaven*. It was indeed the *Heavenly Moyſture* or *Water* of the *Chaos* out of which the *ſeparated Heaven*, or *habitation* of the *ſtars* was afterwards made. This is clear out of the *Originall*, for שמים *Hamaim* and חשמים *Haſhamaim* are the *ſame words*, like *Aqua* and *Ibi Aqua*, and they ſignifie *one* and the *ſame ſubſtance*, namely *Water*. The *text* then being *render'd* according

cording to the primitive naturall *truth*, and the undoubted *ſenſe* of the *Author*, ſpeaks thus; *In the beginning* (or according to the *Jeruſalem Thargum*) *In wiſdome God made the water and the earth: And the earth was without forme and void, and there was Darkneſſe upon the Face of the Deep, and the ſpirit of God moved upon the Face of the waters.* Here you ſhould obſerve that *God* created *two principles, Earth* and *Water*, and of *theſe two* he compounded a *third*, namely the *Sperm* or *Chaos*. Upon the *water*, or *moyſt part* of this *Sperm*, the *ſpirit* of *God* did *move*, and (ſaith the Scripture) *there was Darkneſſe upon the face of the Deep*. This is a very great *ſecret*, neither is it *lawfull* to *publiſh* it *expreſly*, and as the *Nature* of the thing *requires*, but in the *Magicall work* it is to be *ſeen*, and I have been an *eye witneſſe* of it my ſelfe.

To conclude: Remember that our *ſubject* is no *common water*, but a *thick*, *ſlimie*, *fat earth*. This *earth* muſt be *diſſolved* into *water*, and that *water* muſt be *coagulated* again into *earth*. This is done by a certaine Naturall *Agent*, which the Philoſophers call their *ſecret fire*: for if you work with *common fire*, it will *drie* your Sperm, and *bring* it to an unprofitable *red Duſt*, of the *Colour* of

wild poppie. Their *fire* then is the *Key* of the *Art*, for it is a *Naturall* Agent, but *acts* not *Naturally* without the Sun. I muſt confeſſe it is a *knottie Myſterie*, but we ſhall make it *plaine*, if you be not very *Dim* and *Dull*. It requires indeed a *quick*, *clear* Apprehenſion, and therefore Readers, *Smuffe your Candles.*

The Philoſophicall Fire.

Fire, notwithſtanding the *Diverſities* of it in this *Sublunarie Kitchin* of the *Elements*, is but *one Thing*, from *one Root*. The *Effects* of it are *various* according to the *Diſtance*, and *Nature* of the *ſubject* wherein it *reſides*, for that makes it *Vital*, or *Violent*. It *ſleeps* in moſt *things* as in *Flints*, where it is *ſilent* and *Inviſible*. It is a *kind* of *perdue*: lys *cloſe* like a Spider in the Cabinet of his *Web*, to *ſurpriſe* all that *comes* within his *lines*. He never *appears* without his *prey* in his *Foot*, where he finds *ought* that's *Combuſtible* there he *diſcovers* himſelf, for if wee ſpeak *properly*, he is not *generated*, but *manifeſted*. Some Men are of *Opinion* that hee *breeds nothing*, but *devoures all things*, and is therefore call'd *Ignis quaſi Ingigmens*: This is a *Grammticall Whim*, for there is nothing in

in the world *generated* without *Fire*. What a fine Philoſopher then was *Ariſtotle*, who tels us this *Agent* breeds *nothing* but his *Pyrauſta*, a certain *Fly* which he *found* in his *Candle*, but could never be *ſeen afterwards*? Indeed *too much Heat* burns and deſtroyes, and if we deſcend to *other Natures*, *too much water drowns*, *too much earth buries* and *choaks* the *ſeed* that it cannot come up: And verily at this *Rate* there is *nothing* in the *world* that *generats*. What an *Owle* was he then, that could not *diſtinguiſh* with all his *Logic* between *Exceſſe* and *Meaſure*, between *Violent* and *Vital Degrees* of *Heat*, but concluded the *Fire* did *Breed nothing*, becauſe it *conſumed ſomething*? But let the *Mule* paſſe, for ſo *Plato* call'd him, and let us proſecute our *ſecret fire*. This *fire* is at the *Root*, and about the *Root* (I mean about the *Center*) of all *things* both *Viſible*, and *Inviſible*. It is in *water*, *earth*, and *ayr*; It is in *Minerals*, *Herbs*, and *Beaſts*; It is in *Men*, *Stars*, and *Angels*; but *Originally* it is in *God himſelf*, for he is the *Fountain* of *Heat* and *fire*, and from *Him* it is *derived* to the reſt of the *Creatures* in a certaine *ſtreame*, or *Sun-ſhine*. Now the *Magicians* affoord us but *two Notions*, whereby we may know their *fire*: it is as they deſcribe it. *Moyſt* and *Inviſible*.

Hence have they call'd it *Venter Equi*, and *Fimus Equinus*: but this only by way of *Analogie*, for there is in *Horse-dung* a *moyst Heat*, but no *fire* that is *visible*. Now then let us compare the common *Vulcan* with this Philosophicall *Vesta*, that we may see wherein they are *different*. First of all then the Philosopher's *fire* is *moyst*, and truly so is *that* of the *Kitchin* too. We see that flames *contract* and *extend* themselves, now they are *short*, now they are *long*, which cannot be without *moysture* to *maintaine* the *flux*, and *Continuitie* of their *parts*. I know *Aristotle* makes the *fire* to be simply *dry*, perhaps because the *effects* of it are so; he did not indeed consider that in all *Complexions* there are *other Qualities* besides the *predominant one*. Sure then this *drie stuffe* is that *element* of *his*, wherein he *found* his *Pyrausta*; but if our *naturall fire* were *simply drie*, the *flames* of it could not *flow*, and *diffuse* themselves as they doe they would rather fall to *Dust*, or turne like their *fuell* to *ashes*. But that I may returne to my former Discourse, I say the *Common fire* is *excessively hot*, but *moyst* in a far *inferior degree*, and therefore *destructive*, for it *preyes* on the *moysture* of other *things*. On the contrary the *warmth* and *moysture* of the *Magicall Agent* are *equall*, the *one* temperates,

temperates, and ſatisfies the *other*: it is a *humid tepid fire*, or as we commonly expreſſe our ſelves, *Bloud-warme*. This is their firſt, and greateſt *Difference* in Relation to our deſired *effect*, we will now conſider their *ſecond*. The *Kitchin fire* (as we all know) is *viſible*, but the *Philoſophers fire* is *Inviſible*, and therefore no *Kitchin fire*. This *Almadir* expreſly tels us in theſe words, *Solos radios Inviſibiles ignis noſtri ſufficere*. Our work (ſaith he) can be performed by nothing, but by the *Inviſible Beams* of our *fire*. And againe, *Ignis noſter Corroſivus eſt Ignis, qui ſupra noſtrum vas Nubem obducit, in quâ nube radii hujus ignis occulti ſunt*. Our Fire is a *Corroſive fire*, which brings a *cloud* about our *glaſſe* or *veſſell*, in which *Cloud* the *Beams* of our *fire* are *hidden*. To be ſhort, the Philoſophers call this *Agent* their *Bath*, becauſe it is *moyſt* as *Baths* are: but in very truth it is no *kind* of *Bath*, neither *Maris*, nor *Roris*, but a moſt *ſubtil fire*, and purely *Naturall*, but the *Excitation* of it is *Artificiall*. This *Excitation*, or *preparation* (as I have told thee in my *Cœlum Terræ*) is a very *trivialll*, *ſlight*, *ridiculous thing*: nevertheleſſe all the *ſecrets* of *Corruption* and *Generation* are therein *contained*. Laſtly, I think it juſt to informe thee, that many *Authors*

have *falſly deſcribed* this *fire*, and that of *purpoſe* to *ſeduce* their *Readers*. For my own part, I have neither *added*, nor *diminiſhed*, thou haſt here the true intire *ſecret*, and in which all the *Eaſtern ſages* agree: *Alfid*, *Almadar*, *Belen*, *Gieberim*, *Hali*, *Salmanazar*, and *Zadich*: with the *three famous Jews Abraham*, *Artefius*, and *Kalid*. If thou doeſt not by this time apprehend it, thou art paſt my *Cure*, for I may tell thee no more of it, I may only teach thee how to *uſe* it.

Take our *two Serpents*, which are to bee found every where on the Face of the Earth. They are a *living Male*, and a *living Female*. Tye them *Both* in a *Love-knot*, and ſhut them up in the *Arabian* CARAHA. This is thy *firſt labour*, but thy *next* is more *difficult*. Thou muſt *incamp* againſt them with the *fire* of *Nature*, and be ſure thou doeſt bring thy *Line* round about. *Circle* them in, and *ſtop* all *Avenues*, that they find no *Reliefe*. Continue this *ſiege* patiently, and they will turne to an ugly, flabbie, venemous, black *Toad*, which will be transform'd to a horrible, devowring *Dragon*, creeping and weltring in the *Bottome* of her *Cave* without *wings*. Touch her not by any means, not ſo much as with thy Hands for there is not upon earth ſuch a violent, tranſcendent *poyſon*. As thou

haſt begun, ſo proceed, and this *Dragon* will turne to a *Swan*, but more *white* than the hovering, Virgin *Snow*, when it is not yet *ſullied* with the *Earth*. Henceforth I will allow thee to *fortifie* thy *fire*, till the *Phœnix* appears. It is a *red Bird* of a moſt deep *Colour*, with a *ſhining Fiery Hue*. Feed this *Bird* with the *Fire* of his *Father*, and the *Æther* of his *Mother*, for the *firſt* is *meat*, the *ſecond* is *Drink*, and without this *laſt* he attains not to his *full Glory*. Be ſure to underſtand this *ſecret*, for *fire* feeds not *well*, unleſſe it bee *firſt fed*. It is of it ſelf *drie* and *Choleric*, but a *proper moyſture* tempers it, gives it a *heavenly Complexion*, and brings it to the *Deſired Exaltation*. Feed thy *Bird* then as I have told thee, and he will *move* in his *Neſt*, and *riſe* like a *ſtar* of the *Firmament*. Doe this, and thou haſt placed *Nature in Horizonte Æternitatis*: Thou haſt performed that *Command* of the *Cabaliſt*, *Fige finem in Principio, ſicut Flammam prunæ Conjunctam: quia Dominus* SUPERLATIVE *unus*, *& non tenet ſecundum*. Unite the *End* to the *Beginning*, like a *Flame* to a *Coale*: for *God* (ſaith hee) is *ſuperlatively one*, and hee hath no *ſecond*. Conſider then what you ſeek: you ſeek an *Indiſſoluble*, *miraculous*, *tranſmuting*, *uniting*

union, but ſuch a *tye* cannot be without the *firſt unitie*; *Creare enim* (ſaith one) *atque intrinſecùs tranſmutare abſque violentiâ, Munus eſt proprium duntaxat Primæ Potentiæ, Primæ ſapientiæ, Primi amoris.* To *Create*, and *Tranſmute eſſentially*, and *naturally* or without any *violence*, is the only proper office of the *firſt power*, the *firſt Wiſdome*, and the *firſt love*. Without this *love* the *Elements* will never be *maried*, they will never *inwardly* and *eſſentially unite*, which is the *end* and *perfection* of *Magic*. Study then to underſtand this, and when thou haſt perform'd, I will allow thee that *Teſt* of the *Mekkubalim*: *Intellexiſti in ſapientiâ, & ſapuiſti in Intelligentia, ſtatuiſti Rem ſuper Puritates ſuas, & Creatorem in Throno ſuo collocâſti.*

For a *Cloſe* to this *Section*, I ſay it is impoſſible to *generat* in the *patient*, without a *vitall generating Agent*. This *Agent* is the *Philoſophical fire*, a certain *moyſt*, *heavenly*, *inviſible Heat*; but let us heare *Raymund Lullie* deſcribe it, *Quando dicimus* (ſaith hee) *quod lapis per ignem generatur, non vident alium ignem, nec alium ignem credunt, niſi ignem communem: nec aliud Sulphur, nec aliud argentum vivum, niſi ſit vulgare. Ideo maxima decepti per eorum cæcas eſtimationes, inferentes*

inferentes quod causa fumus sua Deceptionis, & quod dedimus illis intelligere rem unam per aliâ. Sed non est verum salvâ eorum pace, sicut probabimus per illa, quæ Philosophi posuerunt in scriptis. Solem enim appellamus ignem, & vicarium suum vocamus Calorem naturalem. Nam illud quod agit Calor Solis in Mineris Metallorum per mille annos, ipse Calor naturalis facit in unâ horâ supra terram. Nos vero, & multi alii, vocamus eum Filium solis, nam primo per solis influentiam fuit generatus per naturam, sine adjutorio Scientiæ, vel artis. When wee say the *Stone* is generated by *fire*, Men neither see, neither doe they believe there is any other *fire*, but the *common fire*: nor any other *Sulphur* & *Mercury*, but the *common Sulphur* and *Mercury*. Thus are they deceived by their *own opinions*, saying that we are the *Cause* of their *Error*, having made them to *mistake one thing* for *another*. But by their leave it is not so, as we shall prove by the *Doctrine* of the *Philosophers*. For wee call the Sun a *fire*, and the *natural Heat* we call his *Substitute*, or *Deputy*; for that which the *heat* of the *Sun* performes in a *thousand years* in the *Mines*, the *Heat* of *Nature* performes it *above the earth* in *one houre*. But wee, and many other Philosophers have call'd this *Heat*, the *Child*

of

of the *Sun*, for at *first* it was *generated* natu-rally by the *influence* of the *Sun*, without the *Help* of our *Art* or *Knowledge*. Thus *Lullie*: But one thing I muſt tell thee, and bee ſure, Reader, thou doeſt remember it. This very *naturall Heat* muſt bee applied in the *juſt Degree*, and not *too much* fortified, for the *Sun* it ſelf doth not *generat*, but *burne* and *ſcorch* where it is *too hot*. *Si cum igne magno operatus fueris* (ſaith the ſame *Lullie*) *proprietas noſtri ſpiritus, quæ inter vitam & mortem participiat, ſeparabit ſe, & Anima recedet in Regionem ſphæræ ſuæ*. If thou ſhalt work with too *ſtrong a fire*, the *proprietie* of our *ſpirit*, which is *indifferent* as yet to *life* or *death*, will *ſeparate* it ſelf from the *Body*, and the *Soule* will depart to the *Region* of her *own ſphere*: Take therefore along with thee this ſhort, but wholeſome *adviſe* of the ſame Author. *Facias ergo Fili, quod in loco Generationis aut Converſionis ſit talis potentia Cæleſtis, quæ poſſit transformare Humidum ex naturâ terreſtris, in formam & ſpeciem tranſparentem, & ſubtiliſſimam*. My Son (ſaith hee) let the *Heavenly power*, or *Agent* be ſuch in the *place* of *Generation* or *Mutation*, that it may alter the *ſpermatic Humiditie* from its *Earthly Complexion*, to a *moſt fine tranſparent forme, or ſpecies*. See here

here now the *ſolution* of the *ſlimie*, *fat Earth*, to a *tranſparent glorious Mercury*! This *Mercury* Gentlemen, is the *water* which we look after, but not any *common water* whatſoever. There is nothing now behind but that which the *Philoſophers* call *ſecretum Artis*: a *thing* that was never *publiſhed*, and without which you will *never performe*, though you know both *Fire* and *Matter*. An *Inſtance* hereof wee have in *Flammel*, who knew the *Matter* well enough and had both *fire* and *Furnace* painted to him by *Abraham* the *Jew*: but notwithſtanding he err'd for *three years*, becauſe hee *knew not* the *third ſecret*. *Henry Madathan* a moſt noble *Philoſopher* practic'd upon the *ſubject* for *five years* together, but knew not the *right method*, and therefore found *nothing*; at laſt ſaith hee, *Poſt ſextum annum Clavis Potentiæ per arcanam Revelationem ab omnipotente Deo mihi concredita eſt*: After the ſixth year, I was intruſted with the *Key of power* by ſecret *Revelation*, from the *Almighty God*. This *Key of power*, *or third ſecret* was never put to *paper* by any *Philoſopher* whatſoever. *Paracelſus* indeed hath touch'd upon it, but ſo *obſcurely* it is no more to the *purpoſe* then if he had ſaid *nothing*. And now I ſuppoſe I have done enough for the *Diſcovery*, and *Regiment* of the

the *fire*; if you think it *too little*, I muſt tell you it is *much more* then any *one Author* hath performed. Search it than, for he that finds this *fire*, will attaine to the *true temperament*, he will make *a noble deſerving Philoſopher*, and to ſpeake in the *phraſe* of our *Spaniard*, *Dignus erit poni ad Menſam Duodecim parium.*

The River of Pearl.

IT is a *Decompounded Subſtance*, extreme *heavy* and *moyſt*, but *wets not* the *Hand*. It *ſhines* after *Night* like a *ſtar*, and will *inlighten* any *Darke roome*. It is full of ſmall *eyes* ſparkling like *Pearls* or *Aglets*. It is the whole *Demogorgon*, but now actually *animated* by manifeſtation of his own Inward *Light*. The *Father* of it is a certaine *inviolable Maſſe*, for the *parts* of it are ſo firmly *united*, you can neither *pound* them into *Duſt*, nor *ſeparat* them by *violence* of *Fire*. This is the *ſtone* of the Philoſophers, *Qui ab omni parte* (ſaith one) *circumdatus eſt Tenebris, Nebulis, Caligine: Habitat in mediis Terræ viſceribus, Qui ubi natus fuerit, veſtitur quodam viridi Pallio, humiditate quadam aſperſus, & non prognatus ab aliquo, ſed æternus, & parens omnium Rerum.* It is compaſ-

ſed

ſed about (ſaith he) with Darkneſſe, Clouds, and Blackneſſe. It dwels in the inmoſt Bowels of the Earth: but when he is *borne*, hee is cloathed with a certaine *Green Mantle*, and *ſprinckl'd* over with a *certaine Moyſture*. He is not properly generated by any Naturall thing but he is eternall, and the Father of all things. This Deſcription is very true and apoſit, but *Ænigmaticall*: howſoever forget not the *Green Mantle*. This is that ſubſtance, which *Gieberim Eben-Haen*, or as the *Rable* writes him, *Geber*, cals *Lapis in Capitulis notus*: a very ſubtil Expreſſion, but if well examin'd, it is the *Key* to his whole *Booke*, and to the *writings* of the *old Philoſophers* in Generall. But let us returne to our *River* of *Pearl*, and for our further information let us heare it deſcrib'd by a moſt excellent *Adeptus*, and that in the very *Ebullition*, before the *full* moon appears. *Hoc opus eſt* (ſaith he) *quod mihi aliquando ob oculos poſuit unicus Exechediſtes, magnas quippe fornaces, atque vitro eaſdem Varico redimitas oſtendens. Vaſa erant ſingula, in ſuis ſedulibus habentia ſedimenta, atque inter ipſas diſpari dicatum, ſacrumque Munus. Quid vero Rem tam Divinam celem dictus? Erat intus circumacta Moles quadam, Mundi præ ſe ferens imaginem ipſiſſimi. Quippe ibi Terra videbatur in medio omnium conſiſtens*

ſiſtens, aquiſque circumfuſa Limpidiſſimis, in varios colles, ſalebroſaſque rupes aſſurgebat, fructum ferens multiplicem, tanquam humentis Aeris imbribus irrigua. Vini etiam videbatur & olei, & lactis, atque pretioſorum omne genus lapidum, & Metallorum eſſe apprime ferax. Tum Aqua ipſa inſtar Æquoris, ſale quodam pellucido, albo interdum, interdum quoque rubeo & fulvo, & rubro, multiſque præterea variegato coloribus inlitæ, inque ſuperficiem ipſam æſtuabant. Igne autem hæc omnia ſuo, ſed impercepto quidem, atque æthereo movebantur. Id vero unum præ cæteris incredibilem me rapiebat in admirationem, Rem hæc tam multa unicam, tam diverſa, tamque in ſuo genere integra ſingula, parvo etiam imbecillique adminiculo pro ducere: quo facto paulatim robuſtiore, redirent tandem, atque coaleſcerent in unum omnia, confidenter aſſeverabat. Hic equidem obſervavi fuſilis illam ſalis ſpeciem nihil ab Aphrolitho degenerantem, atque argentum illud vivum, cui Mercurii nomen ab hujuſce Diſciplinæ priſcis authoribus inditum eſt, illam ipſam referens Lullianam Lunariam, adverſa ſcandens aqua, noctuque relucens, atque interdiu glutinandi præditum facultate. Here wee have pourtray'd unto us the whole Philoſophicall *Laboratorie*, *Furnace*, *fire*, and *Matter*, with

with the Myſterious *Germinations* thereof. But becauſe the *Termes* are *difficult*, and not to bee underſtood by any, but ſuch as have ſeen the *thing it ſelf*, I will for the Readers Benefit, I cannot ſay *ſatisfaction*, put them into *Engliſh*. This is the *worke* (ſaith hee) which I have ſometimes ſeen with a ſingular, and a moſt deare friend: who ſhewed to me certaine large *Furnaces*, and thoſe crown'd with *Cornues* of *Glaſſe*. The *Veſſels* were *ſeverall*, having beſides their *Triptods* their *ſediments*, or *Caskets*, and within them was a Holy *Oblation*, or *preſent* dedicated to the *Ternarie*. But why ſhould I any longer conceale ſo divine a thing? within this *Fabric* was a certaine *Maſſe* moving Circularly, or driven round about, and repreſenting the *very Figure* of the *great world*. For here the *Earth* was to be ſeen ſtanding of it ſelf in the *middeſt* of *all*, compaſſed about with moſt *clear waters*, riſing up to ſeverall *Hillocks*, and *craggie Rocks*, and bearing many *ſorts* of *Fruit*, as if it had been watr'd with ſhowers from the moyſt Aire. It ſeem'd alſo to bee very fruitfull for *wine*, *oile*, and *milk*, with all kind of *precious ſtones*, and *Metals*. The *waters* themſelves like thoſe of the *Sea*, were full of a certaine *tranſparent Salt*, now *white*, now *Red*, then *Yellow* and *purpl'd*, and as it were

were *chamletted* with *various Colours*, which did ſwell up to the *face* of the *waters*. All theſe things were *actuated* or *ſtirr'd* with their own *appropriat fire*, but in very truth *imperceptible*, and *ethereall*. But *one thing* above the reſt forc'd me to an incredible admiration. Namely, that ſo *many things*, ſuch *divers* and in their kind ſuch *perfect particulars* ſhould proceed from *one only thing*, and that with very *ſmall aſſiſtance*, which being *further'd* and *ſtrengthned* by *degrees*, the *Artiſt* faithfully affirmed to me that *all thoſe Diverſities* would ſettle at laſt to *one Body*. Here I obſerved that *fuſil* kind of *Salt* to be nothing different from a *pumice-ſtone*, and that *Quick-ſilver* which the ancient Authors of this Art call'd *Mercury*, to be the ſame with *Luitres Lunaria*, whoſe *water* gets up againſt the *fire* of *Nature*, and *ſhines* by *night* but by *day* hath a *glutinous*, *viſcous faculty*. This is the *ſenſe* of our learned *Adepts*, and for his *Analogie* of the *Philoſophic Salt*, and a *pumice-ſtone*, it cannot be well *conceiv'd* without the *Light* of *Experience*. It is then a *porous*, *hollow*, *froth-like*, *ſpongious Salt*. The *Conſiſtency* of it is *pumice-like*, but neither *hard*, nor *opacous*. It is a *thin*, *ſlippery oily ſubſtance* in appearance like *Mouth-glew*, but much more *clear*. Sometimes it look

looks like *Roſials* and *Rubies*: Sometimes it is *violet Blew*, ſometimes *white* as *Lilies*, and againe more *green* than *Graſſe*, but with a *Smaragdine tranſparencie*: and ſometimes it looks like burniſht *Gold* and *Silver*. The *River* of *Pearle* hath her *Name* from *it*, for there it *ſtands* like the *Sperm* of *Frogs* in *common waters*. Sometimes it will move, and ſwim to the *face* of his *Bath* in *thin leaves* like *wafers*, but with a thouſand miraculous Colours. This is enough and too much, for I hold it not my Duty to inſiſt upon *ſecrets*, which are ſo far from the Readers *Inquiry*, that I dare ſay they are beyond his *Expectation*.

The *Æther*, or the *Aire* of *Paradiſe*.

HItherto I have diſcours'd of the *firſt Matter*, and the *fire* of *Nature*: Termes indeed commonly known, but the *things ſignified* are ſeldome *underſtood*. I ſhall now deſcend to more abſtruſe particular *principles*, Things of that *ſecrecie* and *ſubtiltie*, they are not ſo much as *thought* of, much leſſe *inquir'd after*. The *common Chimiſt* dreams of *Gold* and *Tranſmutations*, moſt noble and *Heavenly Effects*, but the *Means* whereby hee would *compaſſe* them,

are worme-eaten, duſtie, muſtie *papers*. His *Study* and his *Noddle* are *ſtuff'd* with *old Receits*, he can tell us a hundred *Stories* of *Brimſtone* and *Quick-ſilver*, with many miraculous *Legends* of *Arſenic* and *Antimonie*, *Sal gemma*, *Sal prunæ*, *Sal Petræ*, and other ſtupendious *Alkalies*, as he loves to call them; with ſuch ſtrange *Notions* and *Charms* doth he *amaze*, and *ſilence* his *Auditors*, as *Bats* are *kill'd* with *Thunder* at the *Eare*. Indeed if this *Noyſe* will carry it, let him alone, he can want no *Artillery*. But if you bring him to the *field*, and force him to his *Polemics*, if you *demand* his *Reaſon*, and *reject* his *Recipe*, you have laid him as *flat* as a *Flounder*. A rationall methodicall *Diſpute* will undoe him, for he ſtudies not the whole *Body* of *Philoſophie*: a *Receit* he would find in an old *Box*, or an old *Book*, as if the *knowledge* of *God* and *Nature* were a *thing* of *Chance*, not of *Reaſon*. This idle *Humor* hath not only *ſurpriz'd* the common illiterat *Broyler*, where in truth there is ſome *Neceſſity* for it, but even great *Doctors* and *Phyſicians*: Bate me the *Impoſtume* of their *Titles*, and their *Learning* is not *Conſiderable*. Hence it comes to paſſe that ſo *many men* are *undone* in the *proſecution* of this *Art*: They are ſo *wedded* to old *ſcriblings*, they will not *ſubmit* them

them to their *judgement*, but presently bring them to the *fire*. Certainly they believe such ridiculous *Impossibilities*, that even *brute Beasts* if they could *speake*, would *reprove* them. Sometimes they *mistake* their owne *Excrements* for that *Matter* out of which *Heaven* and *Earth* were *made*. Hence they *drudge*, and *labour* in *Urine*, and such filthie dirty *stuffe* which is not *fit* to be *nam'd*. But when all comes to all, and their *Custard* fails them, they quit their *filthinesse*, but not their *error*. They think of something thats more *Tractable*, and *dreame* perhaps that *God* made the *world* of *Egge-shels* or *Flint-stones*. Truly these *Opinions* proceed not only from *simple people*, but from *Doctors* forsooth, and *Philosophers*. It is therefore my *Designe* to discover some *Excellencies* of this *Art*, and make it appeare to the *Student* that what is *Glorious*, is withall *Difficult*. This I suppose may remove that *Blind*, *sluggish Credulity*, which prevents all *Ingenious Disquisitions*, and cause *men* perhaps to *exercise* that *Reason*, which *God* hath *given* them for *Discoveries*. I shall not dwell long on any one *particular*, I am drawing off the *stage* in all *Haste*, and *returning* to my *first Solitudes*. My *Discourse* shall be very *short*, and like the *Echo's* last *Syllables*, Imperfect. I intend it

only for *Hint* and *ſuggeſtion* to the *Reader*: it is no *full Light* but a *Glance*, and he muſt *improve* it to his better *ſatisfaction*.

We are now to ſpeake of the *Æther* of the *little world*, which is the very *ſame* in *Nature* and *ſubſtance* with the *outward Æther* of the *great world*. That you may the better underſtand *what it is*, we will examine the *Notion*, before we *ſtate* the *thing*. *Ariſtotle* in his Book *de Mundo* derives this word ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀεὶ θεῖν, *à ſemper currendo*, becauſe the *Heavens* are in *perpetuall Motion*. This is a generall irregular *whymzie*, for the *ſtarr* alſo aſwell as the *Æther* move *perpetually*: The *Sea* is ſubject to a *continuall Flux* and *Reflux*, and the *Bloud* of all *Animals* to a reſtleſſe unwearied *Pulſe*. The more *ancient Philoſophers* whoſe *Books* this Enemy *burnt*, derived it from αἴθω *ardeo*: but eſpecially *Anaxagoras*, who was better acquainted with *Heaven* than *Ariſtotle*, as it appears by his *miraculous prædiction*, and the *opinion* he had of that *place*, namely that it was his *Country*, and that he was to *return thither* after *death*. Indeed this laſt *Etymologie* comes neer the *nature* of the *thing*, for it is a *Heating* cheeriſhing *ſpirit*, but in its *genuine Complexion* it *burns not*. I cannot then approve of this *latter Derivation* no more than of the *former*;

I rather believe that *Æther* is a *Compound* of ἀεὶ and θέω, this *ſubſtance* being called Ἀιθὴρ from its *effect* and *office*, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀεὶ θέειν, *à ſemper Calefaciendo*. Suppoſing this to be the true *Interpretation*, let us now ſee whether it *relates* more *ſtrictly* and *properly* to this *principle*, than to any other *Nature whatſoever*. The *Æther* is a moſt *thin liquid ſubſtance*, and the *Region* of it is *above* the *ſtars*, in the *Circumference* of the *Divine Light*. This is the true, and famous Ἐμπυρεῖον, which *receives* the *Influent Heat* of *God*, and *conveys* it to the *viſible Heaven*, and all the *Inferior Creatures*. It is a *pure Eſſence*, a thing not tainted with any *Materiall Contagion*, in which *ſenſe* it is *ſtyl'd* of *Pythagoras* Φιλοθέους Ἀιθὴρ, the *free Æther*. *Quoniam* (ſaith *Reuclin*) *à materiæ potentiâ ſegregatus, & præſervatus in Libertate, caleſcit Dei Ardore, ac inſenſibili motu Inferiora caleſacit*. Becauſe it is *freed* from the *priſon* of the *Matter*, and being *preſerv'd* in its *liberty*, it is *warme* with the *fire* of *God*, and by an *inſenſible motion* heats all the *Inferior Natures*. In a word, becauſe of it's *puritie* it is placed next to that *Divine Fire*, which the *Jews* call *Lumen Veſtimenti*, and it is the very *firſt Receptacle* of the *Influences* and *Derivations* of the *Supernaturall World*, which

ſufficiently *confirms* our *Etymologie*. In the *Beginning* it was generated by *Reflexion* of the *firſt unity* upon the *Caeleſtial Cube* for the *Bright Emanations* of *God* did flow like a *ſtreame* into the *Paſſive* ὑγρὸν and in this *Analogie* the *Samian* ſtyles Him πηγὴν ἀενάου φύσεως *Fontem perpetuæ Naturæ*. You ſhall underſtand that the *Æther* is not *one*, but *manifold*, and the *Reaſons* of it wee ſhall give you hereafter. By this I mind not a *variety* of *Subſtances*, but a *Chaine* of *Complexions*. There are other *Moyſtures*, and thoſe too *æthereall*: They are *Females* alſo of the *Maſculine Divine Fire*, and theſe are the *Fountains* of the *Chaldee*, which the *Oracle* ſtyles πηγάσατε ἀμίτους, *Summitates Fontanas*, the Inviſible *upper ſprings* of *Nature*. Of all *ſubſtances* that come to our *hands*, this *Æther* is the *firſt* that brings us *News* of *another World*, and tels us we *live* in a *corrupt place*. Sendivogius call'd it the *Vrine* of *Saturn*, and with this did he *water* his *Lunar* and *Solar Plants*. *Ex Marimeo* (ſaid the *Jew*) *oriuntur Nebulæ, quæ ferunt Aquas Benedictas, & ipſæ irrigant Terras, & educunt Herbas & Flores.* In a word this *Moyſture* is *animated* with a *Vegetable bleſſed divine Fire*, which made *one* deſcribe the *Miſtery* thus. *Ex Naturâ, & ex Divino factum*

factum eſt: Divinum enim eſt, quia cum Divinitate conjunctum Divinas ſubſtantias facit. To conclude, the *Æther* is to be *found* in the *lower ſpring* or ὑγρὰ, namely in that *ſubſtance*, which the *Arabians* call *Flos ſalis albi*, the *Flower* of *white Salt*. It is indeed *borne* of *Salt*, for *Salt* is the *Root* of it, and it is *found* withall *in locis ſalſoſis*, in certaine *Saltiſh places*. The beſt *Diſcovery* of it is *this*: The *Philoſophers* call it their *Mineral Tree*, for it *grows* as all *Vegetables* doe, and hath *Leaves* and *Fruits* in the very *Houre* of its *Nativity*. This is enough, and now I paſſe to another *principle*.

The Heavenly Luna.

THis *Luna* is the *Moon* of the *Mine*, a very ſtrange *ſtupifying ſubſtance*. It is not *ſimple*, but *mixt*. The *Æther*, and a ſubtill *white Earth* are its *Components*, and this makes it *groſſer* than the *Æther* it *ſelf*. It appeares in the *forme* of an exceeding *white oile*, but is in very truth a certaine *vegetant*, *flowing*, *ſmooth*, *ſoft ſalt*, &c.

Lumen de Lumine, or

The ſtar-ſoule.

THis is the true *Aſtrum Solis*, the *Mineral ſpiritual Sun*. It is *compounded* of the *Æther*, and a *Bloudie*, *fierie*, *ſpirited Earth*. It appeares in a *gummie Conſiſtency*, but with a *fierce*, *hot*, *glowing Complexion*. It is *Subſtantially* a certaine *purple*, *animated*, *Divine Salt*, &c.

The Preſter *of* Zoroaſter.

IT is a *Miracle* to conſider, how the *Earth*, which is a Body of inexpreſſible *weight* and *Heavineſſe*, can be *ſupported* in the *Ayr*, a *fleeting yeelding ſubſtance*, and thorough which even *froth* and *Feathers* will *ſink*, and *make their way*. I hope there is no *man* ſo *mad* as to think it is *poys'd* there by ſome *Geometricall Knack*, for that were *Artificiall*, but the *work* of *God* is *Vital*, and *Natural*. Certainly if the *Animation* of the *world* be *denied*, there muſt needs follow a *precipitation* of this *Element* by its own *Corpulency* and *Gravity*. We ſee that our *own Bodies* are *ſupported* by that *Eſſence*, by which they are *actuated* and *animated*, but when that

when that *Essence* leaves them, they *fall* to the *ground*, till the *spirit* returns at the *Resurrection*. I conclude then that the *Earth* hath in her a *Fire-soule*, a most *powerfull strong spirit*, that *bears her up*, as the *spirit* of *Man* bears up *man*. To this agrees *Raymund Lullie* in the seventy sixth Chapter of his Theorie. *Tota Terra plena est Intelligentia ad operationem Naturæ inclinata, quæ Intelligentia movetur à natura superiore: Ita quod natura Intellectiva inferior assimilatur naturæ Superiori.* The whole *Earth* (saith he) is full of *Intelligence*, inclined to the *Discipline* or *Operation* of *Nature*, which *Intelligence* is moved by the *Superior Nature*: so that the *Inferior Intelligence* is like to the *Superior*. This *spirit* or *Intelligence* is the *ורוח*, a *Notion* of the admirable *Zaroaster*, as I find him *render'd* by *Julian* the *Chaldean*. It comes from *ורה uro*, and signifies *Lightning*, or a certaine *burning Turbo*, or *whirl-wind*, but in the *sense* of our *Chaldee* it is the *Fire-spirit* of *Life*. It is an *Influence* of the *Almighty God*, and it comes from *Terra Viventium*, namely the *second person*, whom the *Cabalists* style the *Supernaturall East*. For as the *Natural Light* of the *Sun* is *first manifested* to us in the *East*, so the *Supernatural Light* was *first manifested* in the

the *second perſon*, for he is *Principium Alterationis*, the *Beginning of the wayes of God*, or the *firſt Manifeſtation* of his *Father's Light* in the *Supernatural Generation*. From this *Terra Viventium*, or *Land of the Living* comes all *Life* or *ſpirit*, according to that *poſition* of the *Mekubalim*:

Omnis anima bona eſt anima nova, veniens ab Oriente.

Every *good ſoule* is a *new ſoule*, comming from the *Eaſt*: that is from חכמה *Cocmah*, or the *ſecond Sephirotis*, which is the *Son* of *God*.

Now for the better underſtanding of this *Deſcent* of the *ſoule*, we muſt refer our ſelves to another *placet* of the *Cabaliſts*, and this is it.

Animæ à Tertio Lumine ad Quartam Diem, inde ad Quintam deſcendunt: inde exeuntes, Corporis Noctem ſubintrant.

The *ſouls* (ſay they) deſcend from the *Third Light* to the *fourth Day*, thence to the *fifth*, whence they *paſſe out*, and enter the *Night* of the *Body*. To underſtand this *Maxime* you muſt know there are *three ſupreme Lights* or *Sephiroths*, which the *Cabaliſt* cals, *Sedes*

una

una, in quâ ſedet Sanctus, Sanctus Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. This *third Light* from whence the *ſouls* deſcend, is בינה *Binah*, the *laſt* of the *three ſephiroths*, and it *ſignifies* the *Holy Ghoſt*. Now that you may know in what *ſenſe* this *Deſcent* proceeds from that *Bleſſed ſpirit*, I will ſomewhat *inlarge* my *Diſcourſe*, for the *Cabaliſts* are very *obſcure* in the *point*. *Spirare* (ſay the *Jews*) *Spiritus Sancti propriùm eſt*, to *Breath* is the *propriety* of the *Holy Ghoſt*. Now we read that *God breathed into* Adam *the Breath of Life, and* Gen. *he became a living ſoule*. Here you muſt underſtand that the *third Perſon* is the *laſt* of the *three*, not that there is any *Inequality* in *them*, but it is ſo in *order* of *Operation*, for he *applies firſt* to the *Creature*, and therefore *works laſt*. The *meaning* of it is this: The *Holy Ghoſt* could not *breath* a *ſoule* into *Adam*, but he muſt either *receive it*, or *have* it of himſelf. Now the *truth* is he *receives* it, and what hee *receives*, that hee *breathes* into *Nature*. Hence this moſt *holy ſpirit* is ſtyl'd by the *Cabaliſts Fluvius egrediens è Paradiſo*, becauſe he *breaths* as a *River ſtreames*. He is call'd alſo *Mater Fluvorum*, becauſe by this *Breathing* he is as it were *delivered* of *thoſe ſouls*, which have been *conceived Ideally* in the *ſecond Perſon*. Now that the

Holy

Holy Ghoſt receives all *things* from the *ſecond Perſon*, is confirmed by *Chriſt* himſelf.

John 16.13 *When the ſpirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he ſhall not ſpeak of himſelf, but whatſoever he ſhall heare, that ſhall he ſpeak, and he will ſhew you things to come. He ſhall glorifie me, for he ſhall receive of mine, and ſhall ſhew it unto you. All things that the Father hath, are mine; Therefore ſaid I, that he ſhall take of mine.* Here wee plainly ſee, there is a certaine *ſubſequent order* or *Method* in the *operations* of the *bleſſed Trinity*, for *Chriſt* tels us, that he *receives* from his *Father*, and the *Holy Ghoſt* receives from *Him*. Againe that all things are *conceived Ideally* (or as we commonly expreſſe it) *created* by the *ſecond perſon*, is confirmed by the *word* of *God*. *The World was made by him* (ſaith the Scripture) *and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not.* This may ſuffice for ſuch as *Love* the *Truth*, and as for that which the *Cabaliſt* ſpeaks of the *fourth* and *fifth Dayes*, it *ſuits* not with my *preſent deſigne*, and therefore I muſt *wave* it. It is clear then that *Terra viventium*, or the Eternall *Fire-Earth buds* and *ſprouts*, hath her *fierie ſpirituall Flowers*, which we call *ſoules*, as this *natural Earth* hath her *natural Vegetables*. In this

myſterious

myſterious ſenſe is the *Preſter* deſin'd in the *Oracles* πυρὸς ἄνθος ἀΐδηλον, *the Flower of thin Fire.* But that we may come at laſt to the *thing intended*, I think it not amiſſe to inſtruct you by this *Manuduction.* You know that no *Artificer* can *build*, but the *Earth* muſt be the *Foundation* to his *Building*, for without this *Ground-work*, his *Brick* and *Mortar* cannot *ſtand.* In the *Creation* when *God* did *build*, there was no ſuch *place* to *build upon.* I aske then where did he *reſt* his *Matter*, and *upon what*? Certainly he *built*, and *founded Nature* upon his own *Supernaturall Center.* He is *in her*, and *thorough her*, and with his eternall *ſpirit* doth he *ſupport Heaven* and *Earth*, as our *bodies* are *ſupported* with *our ſpirits.* This is confirmed by that *oracle* of the *Apoſtle*, *Omnia portat verbo virtutis ſuæ*, *He bears up all things with the word of his power*; from this power is he juſtly ſtyl'd ἀπειρόδυναμος, καὶ παντόδυναμος ὑπερμεγέθης δύναμις: The *infinitly powerfull*, and the *Allpowerfull power-making power.* I ſay then that *Fire* and *ſpirit* are the *Pillars* of *Nature*; the *props* on which her whole *Fabric reſts*, and without *which* it could not *ſtand* one minute. This *Fire* or *Preſter* is the *Throne* of the *Quinteſſentiall Light*, from whence he *dilates* himſelf to *Generation*, as we ſee in the

the *effuſſion* of the *Sun-beams* in the *great world*. In this *Dilatation* of the *Light* conſiſts the *joy* or *pleaſure* of the *paſſive ſpirit*, and in its *Contraction* his *Melancholie* or *ſorrow*. We ſee in the *great Body* of *Nature*, that in *Turbulent weather* when the *Sun* is *ſhut up*, and *clouded*, the *Aire* is *thick* and *dull*, and our *own ſpirits* by ſecret *Compaſſion* with the *ſpirit* of the *Aire* are *dull* too. On the contrary in *clear ſtrong Sun-ſhines* the *Aire* is *Quick* and *Thin*, and the *ſpirits* of all *Animals* are of the ſame *rarified*, *active Temper*. It is *plaine* then that our *joyes* and *ſorrows* proceed from the *Dilatation* and *Contraction* of our *inward Quinteſſentiall Light*. This is apparent in *deſpayring Lovers*, who are *ſubject* to a certain *violent*, *extraordinary panting* of the *Heart*, a timorous trembling *pulſe* which proceeds from the *Apprehenſion* and *Feare* of the *ſpirit* in relation to his *Miſcarriage*. Notwithſtanding he *deſires* to be *dilated*, as it appears by his *pulſe* or *Sallie*, wherein he doth *diſcharge* himſelf; but his *Deſpaire* checks him *againe*, and brings him to a *ſuddain Retreat*, or *Contraction*. Hence it comes to paſſe that we are *ſubject* to *ſighs*, which are *occaſion'd* by the *ſuddain pauſe* of the *ſpirit*: for when hee *ſtops*, the Breath *ſtops*, but when he *looſeth himſelf* to an *out-*

ward

ward Motion, we *deliver two* or *three Breaths* that have been *formerly omitted*, in one *long Expiration*, and this we call a *ſigh*. This *paſſion* hath carried many *brave men* to very *ſad Extremities*. It is originally *occaſion'd* by the *ſpirit* of the *Miſtris*, or *affected Envy*: for her *ſpirit* ferments or *leavens* the *ſpirit* of the *Lover*, ſo that it deſires an *union* as far as Nature will permit. This makes us *preſent* even *ſmiles* and *frowns*, like *Fortunes* and *Misfortunes*; Our *Thoughts* are never at *Home*, according to that well-grounded *Obſervation*, *Anima eſt ubi amat, non ubi animat*: the *ſoule* dwels not where *ſhe lives*, but where *ſhe loves*. We are imploy'd in a perpetuall *Contemplation* of the *abſent Beauty*; Our very *Joyes* and *Woes* are in her *power*: ſhe can *ſet* us to what *Humor* ſhe *will*, as *Timpian* was alter'd by the *Muſic* of his *Miſtris*.

when to her Lute Corinna *ſings*,
Her Voice *inlives the* Leaden ſtrings:
But when of ſorrows *ſhe doth* ſpeak,
Even with her ſighes *the* ſtrings *doe* break.
And as her Lute *doth* Live *or* Die,
Leas'd by her Paſſion: So doe I.

This, and many more miraculous *ſympathies* proceed from the *Attractive nature* of

of the *Preſter*: it is a *ſpirit* that can *wonders*, and now let us ſee if there bee any *poſſibility* to come at him. Suppoſe then wee ſhould *dilapidat* or *diſcompoſe* ſome *Artificiall Building*, ſtone by ſtone: There is no *queſtion* but we ſhould come at *laſt* to the *Earth* whereupon it is *founded*. It is juſt ſo in *Magic*: if we open any *Natural Body*, and *ſeparat* all the *parts* thereof *one* from *another*, we ſhall come at *laſt* to the *Preſter*, which is the *Candle*, and *ſecret Light* of *God*. Wee ſhall know the *hidden Intelligence*, and ſee that *inexpreſſible Face*, which gives the *outward Figure* to the *Body*. This is the *Syllogiſm* we ſhould look after, for he that hath once paſt the *Aquaſter*, enters the *Fire-world*, and ſees what is both *Invisible* and *Incredible* to the *common Man*. He ſhall diſcover to the *Eye* the miraculous *Conſpiracy* that is between the *Preſter* and the *Sun*. Hee ſhall know the *ſecret Love* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, and the *ſenſe* of that deep *Cabaliſm*, *Non eſt planta hic inferiùs cui non eſt ſtella in Firmamento ſuperiùs, & ferit eam ſtella, & dicit ei Creſce*. There is not an *Herb* here *below*, but he hath a *ſtar* in *Heaven above*, and the *ſtar* ſtrikes him with her *Beame*, and ſayes to him, *Grow*. He ſhall know, how the *Fire-ſpirit* hath his *Root* in the Spirituall *Fire-Earth*,

Earth, and *receives* from it a secret *Influx* upon which he *feeds*, as *Herbs* feed on that *Juice* and *Liquor*, which they receive at their *Roots* from this *Common Earth*. This is it, which our *Saviour* tels us, *Man lives not by Bread alone, but by every word that comes out of the Mouth of God*. He meant not by *Inke and Paper*, or the *dead Letter*: it is a *Mystery*, and St. *Paul* hath partly expounded it. He tels the *Athenians*, that *God made Man, to the end, That he should seek the Lord, if happily he might feel after him and find him*. Here is a strange Expression, you will say, that a Man should *feel after God*, or *seek Him* with his *Hands*. But he goes on, and tels you where you shall find him. *He is not far* (saith he) *from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our Being*. For the better understanding of this place, I wish you to read *Paracelsus* his *Philosophia ad Athenienses*, a glorious Incomparable *Discourse*, but you will *shortly* find it in *English*. Againe: He that enters the *Center*, shall know why all *Influx* of *fire* descends *against* the *Nature* of *fire*, and comes from *Heaven downwards*: Hee shall know also why the same *fire* having found a *Body*, ascends *againe towards Heaven*, and *goes upwards*. Math.

To conclude: I say the grand Supreame *Mysterie* of *Magic*, is to *multiplie* the *Prester*, and place him in the *moyst serene Æther*, which God hath purposely *created* to *qualifie* the *fire*. For I would have thee know, that this *spirit* may be so *chaf'd*, and that in the most *temperat Bodies*, as to *undoe* thee upon a *suddain*. This thou mayst guesse thy selfe by the κεντριανις, or *thundering Gold*, as the *Chymist* cals it. Place him then as *God* hath plac'd the *stars*, in the *condens'd Æther* of his *Chaos*, for there he will *shine*, not *burne*, he will be *vital* and *Calm*, not *furious* and *Coloric*. This *secret* I confesse, *transcends* the *Common processe*, and I dare tell thee *no more* of it. It must remaine then as a *Light* in a *Dark place*, but how it may be *discovered*, doe thou *Consider*.

The Green salt.

IT is a *Tincture* of the *Saphiric Mine*, and to define it substantially, it is the *Aire* of our little Invisible *Fire-world*. It produceth two noble *effects*, *youth*, and *Hope*; whersoever it appears, it is an infallible *sign* of *life*, as you see in the *spring-time*, when all *things* are *Green*. The *sight* of it

is

is *cheerfull*, and *refreſhing* beyond all *imagination*. It comes out of the *Heavenly Earth*, for the *Saphir* doth *ſpermatize*, & *injects* her *Tinctures* into the *Æther*, where they are *carried*, and *manifeſted* to the *Eye*. This *Saphir* is *equall* of her *ſelf* to the *whole Compound*, for ſhe is *threefold*, or hath in her *three* ſeverall *eſſences*. I have ſeen them all, not in Ayrie imaginarie *ſuppoſitions* but *really* with my *bodily eyes*. And here we have *Apollodorous* his *Mathematical Problem* reſolved: namely that *Pythagoras* ſhould ſacrifice a *hundred Oxen*, when hee found out. ὅτι τετράγωνα ἀριθμοῦ ἐστὶ, γωνίαν περιέχουσιν ἴσην δυσὶ τοῖς ἐφεξῆς. That the *Subtendent* of a *right angl'd Triangle* was *equivalent* to thoſe *parts* which *contain'd* it, &c.

The *Diapaſm*, or *Magicall Perfume*.

IT is *compounded* of the *Saphiric Earth* and the *Æther*. If it be brought to its full *Exaltation*, it will *ſhine* like the *Day-ſtar* in her freſh Eaſterne *Glories*. It hath a faſcinating *attractive facultie*, for if you *expoſe* it to the *open Ayre*, it will *draw* to it *Birds* and *Beaſts*, &c.

The *Regeneration*, *Aſcent*, and *Glorification*.

I Have now ſufficiently, and fully diſcovered the *principles* of our *Chaos*, In the next place I will ſhew you how you are to *uſe* them. You muſt *unite* them to a *new life*, and they will be *regenerated* by *Water* and the *Spirit*. Theſe *two* are in all *things*, they are placed there by *God himſelf*, according to that ſpeech of *Triſmegiſtus*, *Unumquodque habet in ſe ſemen ſui Regenerationis*. Proceed then *patiently*, but not *manually*. The *work* is performed by an *inviſible Artiſt*, for there is a *ſecret Incubation* of the *Spirit* of *God* upon *Nature*, you muſt only ſee that the *outward Heat* failes not, but with the *ſubject* it ſelf you have no more to *doe*, than the *Mother* hath with the *Child* that is in her *womb*. The two former *principles* performe all, the *Spirit* makes *uſe* of the *Water* to *purge* and *waſh* his *Body*, and hee will bring it at laſt to a Celeſtiall, immortall *Conſtitution*. Doe not you think this *Impoſſible*. Remember that in the *Incarnation* of *Chriſt Jeſus* the *Quaternarius* or *four Elements* as men call them, were *united* to their eternall *Unitie* and *Ternarius*

narius. *Three* and *Foure* make *Seven*: This *Septenarie* is the true *Sabath*, the *Reſt* of *God* into which the *Creature* ſhall *enter*. This is the beſt and greateſt *Manuduction* that I can give you. In a word, *Salvation* it ſelf is nothing elſe but *tranſmutation*. *Behold* (ſaith the Apoſtle) *I ſhew you a MYSTERIE*: *we ſhall not all die, but we ſhall be all CHANGED, in a Moment, in the twinckling of an Eye, at the ſound of the laſt Trumpt*. God of his great Mercy *prepare* us for it. That from hard ſtubborn *Flints* of this *world* we may prove *Chryſolithes* and *Jaſpers* in the new eternall *foundation*. That we may aſcend from this preſent diſtreſſed *Church* which is in *Captivity* with her *Children*, to the *free Jeruſalem* from *above*, which is the *Mother* of us *all*. 1 Corinth.

The *Deſcent*, and *Metempſychoſis*.

THere is in the world a ſcribling, ill-diſpoſed *Generation*: they write only to gaine an *Opinion* of *Knowledge*, and this by *amazing* their *Readers* with *whimzies* and *Fancies* of their own. Theſe commonly call themſelves *Chi-*

miſts, and abuſe the *great Myſterie* of *Nature* with the *Name* and *Non-ſenſe* of *Lapis Chemicus*. I find not one of them, but hath miſtaken this *Deſcent* for the *Aſcent* or *Fermentation*. I think it *Neceſſary* therefore to informe the Reader there is a *two fold Fermentation*, a *ſpirituall* and a *Bodily one*. The *ſpirituall Fermentation* is performed by *multiplying* the *Tinctures*, which is not done with *common Gold* and *Silver*, for they are not *Tinctures*, but groſe compacted *Bodies*. The *Gold* and *Silver* of the *Philoſophers* are a *ſoule* and *ſpirit*: they are *living Ferments* and *principles* of *Bodies*. but the two *common Metals* whether you take them in their *groſe Compoſition*, or after a *Philoſophicall preparation*, are no way *pertinent* to our *purpoſe*. The *Bodily Fermentation*, is that which I properly call the *Deſcent*, and now we will ſpeak of it. When thou haſt made the *ſtone*, or *Magicall Medicine*, it is a *liquid fierie*, *ſpirituall ſubſtance*, *ſhining* like the *Sun*. In this *Complexion* if you would *project*, you could hardly find the *juſt proportion*, the *vertue* of the *Medicine* is ſo *intenſive* and *powerfull*. The *Philoſophers* therefore took *one part* of their *ſtone*, and did caſt it upon *ten parts* of pure molten *gold*. This ſingle ſmall *graine*

did

did bring all to the *gold* a *blondie powder*, and on the *contrary* the *groſſe Body* of the *gold* did abate the *ſpirituall ſtrength* of the *projected graine*. This *Deſcent* or *Incorporation* ſome wiſe *Authors* have call'd a *Bodily Fermentation*, but the *Philoſophers* did not uſe *common Gold* to *make* their *ſtone* as ſome *ſcriblers* have *written*, they us'd it only to *qualifie* the *intenſive power* of it, when it is *made*, that they might the more eaſily *find* what *Quantitie* of *baſe Metall*, they ſhould *project* upon. By this means they *reduc'd* their *Medicine* to a *duſt*, and this *duſt* is the *Arabian-Elixir*. This *Elixir* the *Philoſophers* could carry about them, but the *Medicine* it ſelf not ſo, for it is ſuch a *ſubtill moyſt Fire*, there is nothing but *glaſſe* that will *hold* it. Now for their *Metempſychoſis*, it hath indeed occaſion'd many *Errors* concerning the *ſoule*, but *Pythagoras* applied it only to the *ſecret performances* of *Magic*. It ſignifies their laſt *Tranſmutation*, which is done with the *Elixir*, or *Qualified Medicine*. Take therefore *one part* of it, caſt it on a *Millenarie proportion* of *Quick-ſilver*, and it will be all *pure gold*, that ſhall paſſe the *Teſt Royall* without any *Diminution*.

Now *Reader* I have done, and for *a fare-*

well I will give thee a moſt noble, ſecret, ſacred *truth*. The *Chaos* it ſelf in the very *firſt Analyſis* is *threefold*, the *Sphir* of the *Chaos* is likewiſe *threefold*. Here thou haſt *ſix parts*, which is the *Pythagoricall Senarius* or *Numerus Conjugii*. In theſe *ſix* the *Influx* of the *Metaphyſicall Vnitie* is *ſole Monarch*, and makes up the *ſeventh Number*, or *Sabaoth*, in which at *laſt* by the *Aſſiſtance* of *God* the *Body* ſhall *reſt*. Againe, every *one* of theſe *ſix parts* is *two fold*; and theſe *Duplicities* are *Contrarieties*. Here then thou haſt *twelve*, *ſix* againſt *ſix* in a *deſperat Diviſion*, and the *Vnitie* of *peace* amongſt *them*. Theſe *Duplicities* conſiſt of *contrary Natures*; One part is *good*, one *bad*: one *corrupt*, one *incorrupt*: and in the *Termes* of *Zoroaſter*, one, *rationall*, one *irrationall*. Theſe *bad*, *corrupt*, *irrational ſeede* are the *Tares* and *ſequels* of the *Curſe*. Now Reader I have *unriddl'd* for thee the grand myſterious *problem* of the *Cabaliſt*. *Septem partibus* (ſaith hee) *inſunt Duo Ternaria, & in Medio ſtat unum. Duodecim ſtant in Bello: Tres Amici, Tres inimici: Tres Viri vivificant, Tres etiam occidunt: & Deus Rex fidelis ex ſua Sanctitatis Atrio dominatur Omnibus. Vnus ſuper Tres, & Tres ſuper Septem, & Septem ſuper Duodecim,*

Duodecim, & ſunt omnes ſtipati, Alius cum Alio.

This and no other is the *truth* of that *Science*, which I have proſecuted a long time with *frequent* and *ſerious endeavours*. It is my firme decreed *Reſolution* to *write* no *more* of it, and if any will *abuſe* what is *written*, let him. He cannot ſo *injure me*, but I am *already ſatisfied*: I have to my *Reward a Light* that will not *leave me*.

Neſcit SOL *(omitis non memor eſſe* Sui.

I will now *cloze* up all with the *Doxologie* of a moſt excellent, renowned *Philocryphus*.

Soli Deo Laus, & Potentia!

Amen in MERCURIO, *qui pedibus licet carens decurrit*

AQUA,

et metallicè univerſaliter operatur.

FINIS.

APHORISMI MAGICI EUGENIANI.

Veritas Prima eſt Hæc:
Hæc etiam Ultima.

1. ANte Omnia Punctum extitit: non τὸ ἄτομον, aut Mathematicum, ſed Diffuſivum. Monas erat Explicite: Implicite Myrias. Lux erat, erat & Nox: Principium, & Finis Principii: Omnia, & Nihil: Eſt, & Non.

2. Com-

2. Commovit ſe Monas in Dyade: & per Triadem egreſſæ ſunt Facies Luminis fecundi.

3. Exivit Ignis ſimplex, increatus: & ſub Aquis induit ſe Tegumento Ignis multiplicis, Creati.

4. Reſpexit ad Fontem ſuperiorem: & Inferiorem deducto Typo, Triplici vultu ſigillavit.

5. Creavit unum unitas: & in Tria diſtinxit Trinitas. Eſt & Quaternarius, Nexus & Medium Reductionis.

6. Ex viſibilibus primùm effulſit Aqua: Fœmina Incubantis Ignis, & Figurabilium gravida Mater.

7. Poroſa erat Interius, & Corticibus varia: Cujus venter habuit Cœlos convolutos, & Aſtra indiſcreta.

8. Separator Artifex diviſit hanc in amplas Regiones: & apparente Fœtu, diſparuit Mater.

9. Peperit tamen Mater Filios Lucidos,

cidos, Influentes in Terram Chai.

10. Hi generant Matrem in Noviſſimis: Cujus Fons cantat in Luco miraculoſo.

11. Sapientiæ Condus eſt Hic: eſto qui potes, Promus.

12. Pater eſt Totius Creati: & ex Filio Creato per vivam Filii Analyſin, Pater generatur. Habes ſummum Generantis Circuli Myſterium: Filii Filius eſt, qui Filii Pater fuit.

Soli Deo Gloria.

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